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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

WAR has not, while we write, broken out, and that is all that can be said. The step which usually heralds the commencement of hostilities has, however, been taken by one of the Powers concerned. Austria has broken off diplomatic relations with Prussia in consequence of the violation of the Vienna Treaty and of the Gastein Convention by the entrance of the Prussians into Holstein. Prussia, on the other hand, has declared to the Federal Diet that, in the event of the motion made by Austria for the mobilization of the Federal forces being carried, she will consider the Germanic Confederation dissolved, and will allow herself to be guided only by considerations of military expediency. From Italy we hear that Garibaldi has arrived from Caprera, and has proceeded to Como, from whence, it is understood, he is to commence operations against Austria in the Southern Tyrol. Nothing, therefore, now remains but for one of the Powers to cast the die by an overt act of war. Prussia is sparing no provocation, either by insulting despatches or by the promulgation of a plan of Federal reform most offensive to Austria, to cast this responsibility upon the latter Power. But the Court of Vienna appears not less alive to the importance of avoiding the imputation of striking the first blow; and as the troops under General Gablenz have retired quietly from Holstein, there is no room left for any accidental or premeditated collision in the Duchies. At present, the chances appear rather in favour of Italy commencing the war. She is not afraid of the responsibility, for she has a cause in whose justice she is confident, and to which her people are enthusiastically devoted. It must be a matter of daily, and indeed almost hourly difficulty, to keep inactive an army of volunteers under Garibaldi, and no one would, therefore, be surprised if Victor Emmanuel, by a prompt advance, should bring the matter to an issue.

Although an unfair use was made of it by the Opposition, the discussion which Mr. Kinglake provoked in the House of Commons upon the state of Europe was full of interest. We do not, indeed, concur with the hon. gentleman in his strong Austrian sympathies; nor can we at all recognise the justice of his assertion that Italy is the sole cause of the impending war. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was perfectly warranted by the facts of the case in stating that the testing question which disposed of the Conference embraced the Elbe Duchies quite as much as Venetia, and affected Prussia quite as deeply as Italy. Count Bismarck's policy is evidently the root of the evil, although it is possible that events might not have passed beyond diplomatic control if the patriotic passions of the Italians had not been aroused. The attempt to fix blame upon her Majesty's Government

for the course they have pursued during the pending difficulties was, in our opinion, a signal failure. So far as their official negotiations go, they seem to have been solely inspired by an honest desire to promote a pacific arrangement; nor is it suggested that, either by word or deed, they have committed this country to any declarations or engagements inconsistent with its neutral position. As Mr. Gladstone did not deny the statement that Earl Russell has once more allowed his passion for letter-writing to get the better of him, and has in a very irregular manner advised Austria to surrender Venetia, we may probably assume that Mr. Kinglake and Lord Cranborne were correctly informed when they charged the Prime Minister with this indiscretion. But although the noble earl's colleagues may justly complain of such isolated action on the part of their chief, we do not suppose that much harm has been done. The opinion of England on the Venetian question has been too often pronounced to be a matter of doubt. It is not a point on which a letter, more or less, of Earl Russell's would cast any new light, and it is perfectly absurd to imagine that the action of the Italians could be at all influenced by such a document, even if it came to their knowledge. Whatever arguments Mr. Kinglake may draw from old treaties, or from a supposed military advantage which Austria derives from the possession of the Quadrilateral, nearly all Englishmen—whatever may be their opinions on the question of nationalities in the abstract—see clearly enough that the tranquillity of Europe can never be assured so long as an Italian province remains in the hands of a foreign Power. There are other reasons, on which we need not now enter, for desiring the liberation of Venetia, but the one to which we have referred is quite sufficient for our immediate purpose. And that being the case, we see no objection in the Austrian Government being informed of the view we take, although we may wish that the communication had been made in a less exceptionable manner. With regard to the prospects of peace or war Mr. Gladstone only confirmed the general impression, that nothing remains but to refer the pending controversies to the arbitrament of the sword. It is not, indeed, improbable that that reference will have been made before these lines appear in print.

The character of the tactics by which the Conservatives hope to defeat the Reform Bill is now thoroughly disclosed. Ignominiously defeated on the insidious, factious, and, we may even say, treacherous motion by which Lord Stanley attempted to postpone the consideration of the franchise clauses until those for the redistribution of seats had been disposed of, they have, nevertheless, adhered obstinately to the policy of obstruction. Foiled in an effort so absurd, that even Mr. Disraeli could not countenance it, to prevent Mr. Gladstone from placing the motion on the notice paper for last Friday,

they contrived, by getting up a debate on the site of the National Gallery, to prevent the Speaker leaving the chair on that evening. On Monday they resorted to measures of a bolder, but also of a more transparent character. Taking advantage of Mr. Kinglake's formal motion, members rose from the Opposition benches to prolong the debate it raised on the present state of Continental affairs. The time of the House was thus occupied until ten o'clock at night. As soon as the hands of the clock pointed to twelve, motions, persistently renewed and therefore necessarily in the end successful, were made for reporting progress or adjourning the debate, although the sense of the House upon this dilatory strategy was emphatically pronounced by the decisive majorities gained by the Government on each division. By this means two nights, which might have been devoted wholly or mainly to the consideration of the Reform Bill, were more or less wasted, and the Conservatives were enabled to triumph over the embarrassment of the Cabinet. But it is a triumph which may cost them dear. Many weak and faltering Liberals who have no great love for Reform will rally to the side of their leaders when they see them unfairly attacked; and even Conservatives of the more moderate and sensible sort must be aware that a question like the representation of the people is not to be got rid of by underhand artifices. The Government will infallibly gain both moral and voting strength from the manner in which they are opposed, and this will tell, not only on the further proceedings in committee, but in enabling Mr. Gladstone to insist on an autumn sitting, should this, as we anticipate, be found necessary in order to carry the Bill through both Houses during the present session. Nor should it be forgotten that the only perfectly straightforward and honest struggle on any material point in the measure which has yet taken place has resulted far more favourably than could have been expected. To have negatived Mr. Walpole's amendment for inserting £20 in lieu of £14 as the figure for the county franchise is a substantial advantage, and may, we are inclined to think, be accepted as an indication of what is likely to happen whenever the House decides upon a plain and direct issue. In spite, therefore, of the slow progress which the Government measure has made during the last week, we venture to regard its ultimate prospects with increasing hope—always assuming, as we are entitled to do, that her Majesty's Ministers continue to fight the battle with the same earnestness and firmness which they have hitherto displayed.

The subject of our future Coal supply was brought before the House of Commons on Tuesday evening, by Mr. Vivian, in a speech full of the most elaborate scientific calculations, and evincing an extensive practical knowledge of every part of this important subject. It is of course impossible in the space at our command to give even a sketch of his arguments, but he certainly adduced strong grounds for believing that the extent of our coalfields have been greatly underrated by Mr. Jevons and others, who have taken an alarmist's view of their probable exhaustion, while he showed that there is every probability that with the progress of science and invention we shall be able to work pits to a far greater depth than any which are at present in existence. Referring to the increased consumption of coal, he proved, we think, in the most satisfactory manner, that Mr. Jevon's theory of geometrical progression is fallacious and untrustworthy; and we are, upon the whole, inclined to agree with him, that there is little or no ground for the apprehensions which have lately been expressed on this subject. This, however, is a matter of far too great importance to be left in any doubt, and we are therefore very glad that her Majesty's Government have agreed to the appointment of a commission, which will conduct an exhaustive inquiry into the whole subject, and examine it in all its bearings. We trust that the most eminent authorities, both scientific and practical, will find a place in this body, and that their investigations may thus be of a character to command public confidence, and to set finally at rest the doubt which has been thrown upon the permanent soundness of our industrial and manufacturing prosperity.

There is every reason to believe that the Mexican Empire is rapidly drawing to a close. Maximilian having failed to fulfil his pecuniary engagements to France, the Emperor Napoleon has intimated his intention to withdraw the friendly support—that is, the army—by which the throne of the Austrian Archduke has been hitherto sustained.

His Imperial Mexican Majesty will probably accompany the last French corps in its retreat, and the fine country of which he is now nominally the ruler will once more be left to a chronic state of anarchy. We regret that this should be the case, because we do not believe the Mexicans capable of governing themselves. But we have no sympathy for the Emperor Napoleon under the check which his American policy has thus sustained. He behaved with the greatest duplicity towards England and Spain in the first instance; nor is it creditable to him that he took advantage of the civil war in the United States to embark on an enterprise in which he had not the firmness to persist when that war was over. His punishment is, however, a severe one. No act of his reign has brought him more unpopularity in France; nor has anything been more damaging to his prestige than the unmistakable failure of a scheme on which he built so many brilliant hopes, and which has been so heavy a drain upon the resources of his empire. Under whatever pretences he may cloak it, the French troops retire from Mexico at the command of the President of the United States. The humiliation is unquestionable; so decided, indeed, that one cannot help fearing it may be found necessary to wipe it out by some more successful piece of aggression in Europe.

The Fenians have actually taken the field—nay, more, they are said to have obtained a victory. In spite of the vigilance of the United States' authorities they have crossed the Canadian frontier, and have taken the little village of Fort Erie, some three miles from Buffalo. We are at present in ignorance of their numbers, but they seem to have been in sufficient force to repulse a party of colonial volunteers who attacked them with more gallantry than success. At the date of the latest advices several regiments of regulars were, however, on the march towards the seat of war (!), and we have no doubt that long before this they have given a satisfactory account of the piratical invaders. It certainly seems at first sight rather startling, that a force of Fenians should have been able to set at naught the precautions which the American Government were understood to have taken against any such event as that which has happened. But we are not disposed to impute bad faith to either Mr. Johnson or to Mr. Seward. We have no doubt they will be as much annoyed as we are at an occurrence which can further no object of theirs, and which tends, so far as it has any tendency at all, to disturb the friendly relations between the two countries. And, although an event of the kind can hardly fail to be accompanied by some mischievous results, they will be more than compensated for, if the President is induced by them to take more stringent measures than he has yet adopted for the suppression of the Fenian organization, and if the people of the United States are led to make some allowance for the difficulties with which the English Government had to contend during their late civil war, in perfectly enforcing our Foreign Enlistment Act.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S MANIFESTO.

THE Emperor Napoleon has thought fit to communicate to France and Europe his opinion upon the present Continental crisis. The letter to M. Drouyn de Lhuys in which they are embodied was read a few days since to the Corps Législatif by M. Rouher, and was, of course, received by that servile Chamber with the loudest expressions of satisfaction. There were, indeed, a few members so bold as to hint doubts and press for explanations; but they were speedily silenced by the faithful majority at the command of the Government. Although the French deputies are full of confidence in the policy of their sovereign, and are inspired with the warmest admiration for his excellent sentiments, we do not think that these feelings have been extensively produced elsewhere by the latest, and not least oracular, of his utterances. The document is, indeed, too characteristic of its author not to suggest suspicion. It bears upon its face an enchanting air of simple candour, but it really reveals very little. It lays down generous and pacific principles in the broadest manner, but it accompanies them with reservations and exceptions which utterly destroy their effect and value. It holds out an expectation that France will pursue one course, and then proceeds to explain that this is subject to certain conditions the fulfilment of which is impracticable. It sketches a policy so benevolent and philanthropic that we are lost in wonder at the benefits

which his Imperial Majesty has in store for the world, until we reflect that it is impossible to enrich everybody by redistributing a fixed fund, either of money or territory. It breathes throughout a tone of the highest sentiment, which would certainly go directly to our hearts if we did not happen to recollect some previous passages in its author's history.

If the Conference had taken place, the language of M. Drouyn de Lhuys would, we are assured, have been thoroughly explicit. That is, of course, a piece of valuable information now that the Conference has not met; but, fortunately, his Majesty does not stop there. After this preliminary flourish, which has rather a self-advertising appearance, he is good enough to inform us that his Foreign Minister was "to declare in my name that I repudiated all idea of territorial aggrandisement so long as the equilibrium of Europe was not disturbed." As it is perfectly obvious that the Conference could do nothing, and could satisfy neither of the two Powers which had brought Europe to the brink of war, without a disturbance of the European equilibrium, the practical value of the Emperor's repudiation of any wish for the aggrandisement of France is at once evident. In truth, this ostensible self-denial is nothing but a reassertion of the doctrine that whenever any European Power obtains, rightly or wrongly, an accession of strength, France has a right to compensation. According to this theory, France must always maintain a fixed relation to each of the other great Powers, and hence if any one of them commits an act of spoliation on its neighbours, France acquires a right to set matters straight by the perpetration of a similar wrong. But we may be reminded that his Majesty annexes another condition to his acceptance of enlarged frontiers—that he cannot, in fact, think of anything of the kind except in the case "of the conterminous provinces demanding, by votes freely expressed, their annexation to France." When, however, we recollect how Savoy and Nice "freely expressed" a similar wish, we know how to estimate this qualification of the main overture. There is no reason why the population of certain parts of Belgium, or the inhabitants of the Rhine provinces, should be suddenly smitten with a longing to become Frenchmen, because Prussia gains the Elbe Duchies, or the Secondary States of the German Confederation acquire a stronger organization. But every one knows perfectly well that if either of these events were to happen, with the assent or by the aid of the Emperor Napoleon, we should hear that this phenomenon had occurred, and, what is more, we should have its existence demonstrated to us by a nearly unanimous *plebiscite*, whose perfect "independence" would be guaranteed by the watchful care of a host of police agents. Under existing circumstances, we cannot, therefore, place a high value on the Emperor's assurance that if everybody else will do so, he is willing to live on good terms with his neighbours, and to respect their independence and their nationality. Indeed, the more we consider his letter, the more evident it is to us that he has fomented the present quarrel, and that he intends to use it as the means of bringing about considerable territorial reconstruction, by which France will certainly not be a loser. If the Conference had met, "We should have desired," he says, "for the Secondary States of the Confederation a closer union, a stronger organization, a more important position; for Prussia, more homogeneity in the north; for Austria, the maintenance of her great position in Germany." Another of his Majesty's desires would have been the surrender of Venetia by Austria for an equitable compensation. The very mention of these objects shows how different from the existing map of Europe must be that which is hung up somewhere in the private apartments of the Tuileries. Beyond that the sentences we have just quoted give us no information. Indeed they present us with a puzzle which is both perplexing and suggestive. How is Prussia to be rendered more homogeneous without some encroachment on the Secondary States? But if that be done, how are the latter to be strengthened? When both these operations have been completed, the position of Austria in Germany will be materially weakened, unless she has more additional territory. But though we are told that Austria is not to lose ground in Germany, and is also to be compensated for the cession of Venetia, we are utterly unable to perceive how this is to be effected. We should like to be satisfied on all these points, particularly on the last; but there is one thing about which we are still more curious, and that is, the additions to French territory which would be requisite "to restore the European equilibrium," if Prussia, the Secondary States of Germany, and Italy, were aggrandised in the manner described.

We say nothing here about the aggrandisement of Austria, because we think it tolerably plain that Austria is really

intended to be the victim. The mask long carefully worn is at last raised in that passage of the letter where the Imperial writer refers to the position of France at the present moment. "In the war which is about to break out we have but two interests—the maintenance of the European equilibrium and the maintenance of that which we have contributed to create in Italy." By the last phrase the Emperor impliedly forbids Austria from following up any advantage she may gain over Italy. The only revenge that Austria could take upon her foe (supposing that after a successful defensive war her forces were to issue out of the Quadrilateral), would be the reconquest of Lombardy. But the union of Lombardy to Piedmont is exactly what France has contributed to constitute in Italy. To maintain the unity of Italy the Emperor does not pledge himself. He leaves himself perfectly free to use any difficulties into which that country may fall, in order to revive his old plan of a Confederation, or even to carve out on paper a kingdom for Prince Napoleon. The "independence of the Peninsula" would be equally secured in either case. The only thing to which he commits himself is that Austria may lose, but shall not gain in the North of the Peninsula. And yet we have been told that the Imperial Government has not encouraged either Italy or Prussia to go to war! Why, it would be difficult to imagine encouragement of a more direct character than that which is contained in the passage we have just quoted; and when we find this in so formal a manifesto as this letter on which we are commenting, we cannot help suspecting that previous and more explicit instructions of the same kind have been given. It is perfectly clear now, if, indeed, it was ever doubtful, that the proposed Conference could never have come to anything. Austria would, sooner or later, have been compelled to retire from deliberations in which the fixed points were the aggrandisement of her enemies and rivals, while the compensation to be given her in return was treated as a matter of secondary or merely accidental importance. We do not, of course, mean to say that Austria is wise to insist on retaining Venetia; on the contrary, we hold, and have always done so, that on every principle of sound policy she should abandon that province (which can never be anything to her but a source of weakness), and devote her whole strength to obtaining compensation in Silesia. But as she was not prepared to take that course, it was no use sending a representative to Paris. By assisting to constitute the Conference she would have enabled the Emperor Napoleon to ventilate doctrines which might have proved too seductive for the allegiance of some of her dependent nationalities, while she would also have afforded him an opportunity to push his intrigues among the minor German States. That he has in view nothing less than the reconstitution of Germany is evident enough, and in a Conference held at the present moment he would receive a certain support from Prussia. But Austria would have nothing to gain by deliberating on such a subject under such pressure.

We cannot help congratulating ourselves that England has not been entangled in the complicated net of negotiations which the Emperor was preparing for the diplomatists that might assemble in Paris. Although nominally the subjects of their discussion would have been strictly limited and defined, this would not have been the case in reality. One question would have made to open out another—indeed, it is difficult to say where you are to stop if everything is to be considered in regard to the equilibrium of Europe—until in the end we should have found ourselves assisting at a new Congress of Vienna, and should have been made parties to transactions in which we have not the slightest interest, and some of which would probably have been worse than equivocal in character. We have had a lucky escape so far; and we shall be foolish if we do not take warning for the future. They must, indeed, be blind who do not see what sort of an ally we have in the Emperor of the French. While we have no desire but for the preservation of peace, and while with that object we seek to narrow as far as possible the points of dispute, it is plain from his letter to M. Drouyn de Lhuys that he wants rather to enlarge than to limit the field of controversy. The greater the redistribution of territory and the reorganization of States, the greater of course will be the derangement of the equilibrium of Europe, and therefore the larger the claims of France to territorial compensation. His Majesty thinks that it will not be necessary for him to draw the sword in order to protect the interests in which he is concerned. And he is probably right. By waiting and watching until the combatants are exhausted, he will be able to exert with decisive effect that "moral force" which he derives from an army of 600,000 soldiers. We shall then, but probably not until then, know what is the reward which France is to receive for conniving at the ambitious designs

of Italy and Prussia. Till the right moment comes for striking in, and appropriating his share of the spoil, Napoleon will no doubt spend the time in praying that "the nations of Europe may forget their quarrels, and unite in the cause of civilization, liberty, and progress." We have at any rate his Imperial word that that is the object next to his heart. The value of the assurance is another matter.

THE IMPENDING WAR.

UNTIL the first shot has been fired there is still a possibility that the war, of whose beginning we may look almost at any moment to hear news, may yet be averted. It is not easy to put faith in such a possibility; yet there are those who attribute a certain success to the efforts of the four Queens or Empresses who are known to have been exerting themselves for the preservation of peace, and who in this humane task have been aided by the Court of St. Petersburg. It is said that M. Bismarck considers that he has been deceived by the Emperor of the French, from whom he had reason, as he pretends, to expect more favour than he has found, and that he would be glad of a good pretext to change his plans. But it is to be feared that though, no doubt, efforts at pacification are being made, they will share the fate usually attendant on the good offices which, on the verge of war, are never wanting. Though the cannon are yet silent, the relations of the great German Powers are those of war. Prussia has dispersed the Holstein Estates which Austria had summoned; she has practically driven the Austrian brigade out of Holstein by a demonstration of superior force; the Austrian Ambassador at Berlin has been recalled; Count Mensdorff has sent the Prussian Minister at Vienna his passport, on the ground that the withdrawal of the Austrian forces from Holstein has taken place under compulsion from Prussia; and an Austrian courier, proceeding from Vienna to General von Gablenz, has been stopped in Prussian territory and his despatches have been taken from him. If this is not war, it is very like it. It is just possible that the manifesto of the Emperor of the French—which in plain English means that he will wait until the combatants are exhausted, and will then take, by "moral influence," if that will suffice, but, if not, by "the sword," whatever addition of territory he thinks necessary to preserve the equilibrium of Europe—may have the effect of checking the ambition of M. Bismarck. But even were he anxious to retrace his steps, we confess ourselves at a loss to see how he can do so. In his provocation of Austria he has proceeded to the extent of insulting personalities, from which even the Emperor has not been exempted. In his last circular despatch he says that, in the relegation of the Slesvig-Holstein question by Austria to the Diet, the Prussian Government are "unable to perceive anything but the intention of a direct provocation, and the desire forcibly to bring about a breach and war;" and he adds that, "Notwithstanding the Emperor's theoretical love of peace, the craving for war dominates every other consideration throughout his entire council," and that "this craving has now also gained decisive influence over the Emperor himself." An emperor craving for war is a sad spectacle. But how much more disreputable does his position become when he is held up to the gaze of Europe as in the hands of statesmen and councillors who desire war at any price—"partly in the hope of successes in the field, partly to tide over domestic difficulties, nay, even with the expressed intention of assisting the Austrian finances by Prussian contributions, or by an 'honourable' bankruptcy."

Thus challenged, it is impossible for Austria to decline the contest which has been forced upon her; and we must now have done with rumours of war, and look for the reality itself. In this crisis, it becomes a matter of interest to see which army will fire the first shot—a point upon which there is, on the part of both the German Powers, a somewhat ridiculous diffidence, seeing that there can be no manner of doubt as to which has endangered the peace of Europe. The armies of both are within easy reach of each other. Of the Austrian army we cannot know as much as we could wish, since Field-marshal von Benedek, Commander-in-Chief of the Northern army, has forbidden the presence of newspaper correspondents, military or non-military, either at headquarters or elsewhere. Notwithstanding this, we learn that the centre of the Northern army is between Olmütz and Prague; that the left wing extends from Prague to the north-western frontier of Bohemia; and the right, which protects the Northern Railway, from Olmütz to Cracow, where there is a strongly intrenched camp. The

entire line extends from Cracow to Janernick, an extensive radius, behind which all the towns and villages are full of soldiers. At Preraw and Olmütz there are waggons sufficient to convey 24,000 from Olmütz to Oderburg in twenty-four hours, so that an army of 60,000 or 70,000 men could quickly be marched upon Kosel, and the troops echeloned on the railway, could easily be transported to Oderburg. As to the spirit of the Austrian army, it has always had more "stomach for the fight" than the Prussians, and the forced retreat from Holstein of the troops under General Gablenz has increased its desire to come to blows. According to the *Austrian Military Gazette* the Austrian army now amounts to 800,000 men. And the same authority states that the army of operations will consist of 600,000, of whom 350,000 will oppose the Prussians, and 250,000 the Italians.

Of the Prussian army we have more detailed information in the letters of the military correspondent of the *Times*. It is divided into wings and armies; the right wing, or the army of Prussian Saxony, being under the command of the Archduke Frederic Carl, to whom General Moltke is attached as chief of the staff; while the left wing, or army of Silesia, has the Crown Prince for its commander, with General Blumenthal in a similar capacity. The army of Silesia, with its right resting on the fortress of Torgau, on the Elbe, and its left on Kosel, covers the passes from Bohemia and Moravia into Silesia, and is supported by the fortresses of Glatz and Neisse. The army of Saxony rests its right on the fortress of Erfurt, and joins its left to the right of the army of Silesia on the Elbe; in the rear of which point the Guard, in itself a *corps d'armée*, is held in reserve. The whole army consists of nine *corps d'armée*, numbering 280,000 fighting men, 70,000 horses belonging to the cavalry and artillery, and a waggon train of 3,500 carriages belonging to the artillery, and destined for actual service in the field of battle. In addition to these forces, there are 55,000 men, 36,500 horses, and 5,450 carriages, which form the non-combatant branches of the army—those who feed and nurse and bring supplies of all kinds to the fighting men. Such is the strength of the army which Prussia has already placed in the field; and the ravages of disease and war can be supplied by the system of depots, which at once fill up the vacancies in the regiments, battalions, and squadrons, to which they belong. Without the enlistment of the Landsturm, the Prussian returns give the actual number of combatants and non-combatants at 18,200 officers and 765,300 men, with 146,000 horses, 1,141 guns, and 8,950 waggons.

It would be useless to speculate upon the probable success of the two armies, or whether the war will be commenced by the invasion of Bohemia by the Prussians or the invasion of Prussian Saxony by the Austrians. The Federal Diet was to meet on Thursday to decide upon the Austrian proposition, that the whole of the Federal army, with the exception of the Prussian contingent, be forthwith mobilized, and it had to make its decision in the face of an intimation from Prussia that if it decided in favour of Austria she would consider the Bund dissolved. Much will therefore turn upon the result of its deliberations, and it is not impossible that it may shrink from any decision calculated to precipitate hostilities that may eventually extend throughout Europe, but which will commence with a fratricidal war. With the exception of M. Bismarck and his party on the one hand, and the Austrians, who have been compelled, in spite of themselves, to assume a hostile attitude, on the other, no Germans desire war. The Prussian troops, already in the field, though they are willing to give their lives for their fatherland, are described, by the military correspondent of the *Times*, as "in low spirits," and as speaking "with no confidence of the issue of the strife." He even says that "many of the inhabitants of Berlin have already reconciled themselves to the possibility of seeing their capital in the hands of the enemy, and their army driven behind the Oder;" but they will not meet him with desponding hearts, nor yield him an advantage without making him pay dearly for it. If this is the sentiment of an army expecting to be called upon at any hour to make or to receive an attack, the disinclination to war must be still stronger on the part of the German States, who can neither be neutral nor hostile without the fear of being eventually extinguished. Prussia has promised to spare all the States which side with her; but Prussia has broken so many promises that this is a feeble security. It seems upon the whole probable that Austria will be the favourite of the political entities who are trembling for their existence, and the aggregate aid they can bring to her, if they will, will go far to counteract the disadvantage under which she labours of having to fight Prussia in the North and Italy in the South.

THE CASE OF MRS. RYVES.

SOME few years ago, a voluminous series of fictions was published by Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, under the telling title of the "Mysteries of the Court of London." We can scarcely assume so much familiarity with "the literature of the gutter" on the part of our readers in general, as to suppose that they ever saw the productions in question. They were devoted to a scathing exposure of the secret crimes and vices of the reigning Royal family. There was scarcely a sin forbidden in the Decalogue which was not imputed to some of her gracious Majesty's predecessors or collateral ancestors; and it appeared that the Royal House of Brunswick was not more distinguished for its high station than for the singular folly, audacity, and weaknesses with which its members had for two or three generations been continually perpetuating the most wanton enormities. This was tolerably strong for a writer of fiction—even of such fiction as is mainly intended for the consumption of milliners, servant girls, and apprentice boys. But the most exciting and the most wildly impossible inventions of the novelist have been outdone by the singular compound of lunacy and fraud which, under the name of the Ryves' case, has occupied the Court of Probate and Divorce for seven days during this and the previous week. It is certainly creditable to the patience of our tribunals that they should have spent so much time in investigating a tissue of palpable forgeries and obvious lies; nor do we think that that time has been wasted. The scandal had obtained a certain amount of currency. A good many people, not otherwise destitute of common sense, had persuaded themselves in a vague way that there was "something in it," and it was as well that it should be exploded and literally blown to pieces as it has been by the trial before the Lord Chief Justice and his brother judges.

The absurdity of this last contribution to our Royal mysteries is sufficiently shown by the barest outline of the case. It was in form a suit instituted by Mrs. Ryves and her son praying for a declaration that the Duke of Cumberland, the youngest brother of George III., was lawfully married to Olive, the daughter of Dr. James Wilmot, on the 4th of March, 1767, and that Mrs. Serres, the mother of Mrs. Ryves, was their lawful child. In virtue of this descent the female plaintiff claimed to be Princess Olive of Cumberland and Duchess of Lancaster, although, as we shall see, if her case was well founded, she was entitled to the Throne itself. That Mrs. Serres was a real person is one of the few facts in the plaintiff's case. She was unquestionably baptized as the daughter of Robert (the brother of Dr. James) Wilmot, and as such she was married to Mr. Serres in 1791, when her reputed father solemnly swore that she was his lawful child. About 1809 she commenced to persecute the Royal family, sending letters to the Prince Regent in which she alternately asked for, and offered him, pecuniary assistance, compared him to Julius Cæsar, spoke of imaginary wrongs done to her by the Duke of York, and lamented in querulous terms her lowly birth. In 1817 she, for the first time, asserted that she was the illegitimate daughter of the Duke of Cumberland by Mrs. Payne, the wife of a Captain Payne, and the sister of Dr. Wilmot. In that story she persisted for several years, but in 1821, soon after the death of George III. and the Duke of York, she came forward with an entirely different version of her birth and fortune. According to this, her mother was no longer the illegitimate, but the legitimate, daughter of the Duke of Cumberland. Mrs. Payne disappeared altogether from the scene, and in her place appeared a certain Olive Wilmot, the daughter of Dr. Wilmot. It is true that Dr. Wilmot had lived and died a highly respected clergyman at Oxford, without any one having the slightest suspicion that he was married; and that by his will he had left a legacy to Mrs. Serres as his "niece." But he was now furnished with a wife in the shape of a Princess Poniatowski, brother of the reigning sovereign of Poland, and by this spouse—of whose existence there is not a trace of proof—he is said to have had a child, "Olive," who, so far as anything that can be called evidence goes, is an equally mythical personage. Although no one appears to have known of his relations with the Royal family, this quiet country clergyman, long before his daughter Olive grew up, became the depository of a great State secret. In 1759 he married George III. to Hannah Lightfoot, by whom that pious and venerable monarch is said to have had three children, before he deserted her, and sent her to be murdered in a French convent, after his bigamous (and therefore invalid) marriage with the Princess Charlotte, who has hitherto passed for his lawful wife. Having been trusted in this confidential manner by the King, it was natural that the Duke of Cumberland should apply to Dr. Wilmot

when he wanted to do a secret marriage on his own account—although it is certainly a little staggering to one's faith that the Doctor should have consented to unite his own daughter in this clandestine manner. However, this is what he is said to have done, at Lord Archer's house in Grosvenor-square, in the presence of Lord Brooke (afterwards Lord Warwick), and of one or two other persons, on the 4th of March, 1767. Although the performance of this ceremony was private, the fact of its having taken place was known to the King, to other members of the Royal family, to Mr. Dunning, and to Lord Chatham. For some three or four years the duke and duchess lived together; but at the expiration of that time, his Royal Highness married Mrs. Horton. The King is supposed to have connived at this bigamous connection, because his brother knew of his own little affair of the same kind. It is difficult to conceive the Earl of Chatham, such as we know him in history, not only conniving at this crime, but actually himself carrying off Olive Wilmot to France, where she died some time after of a broken heart. The conduct attributed to Dr. Wilmot is perfectly astounding. Although he had the King at his mercy, in consequence of his knowledge of the marriage of Hannah Lightfoot, he acquiesced tamely in the disgrace of his daughter, and in the false baptism (by express command of the King) of his child as the offspring of his brother. All he did was to console himself by perpetually writing out certificates of both marriages, and by becoming the author of the "Letters of Junius"! According to Mrs. Serres herself, who is unquestionably the author of this farrago of nonsense, he carried the secret with him to his grave, and it was not until long after his death that the Earl of Warwick turned up with a succession of mysterious packets, containing some fifty or sixty little bits of paper, throwing the fullest light not only upon the marriage of Olive Wilmot, but of Hannah Lightfoot.

It is utterly impossible for us to give any adequate idea of the character of these precious documents. One absurdity in connection with them is apparent the moment they are taken up. It is this: the King, the Duke of Cumberland, Chatham, Dunning, and Lord Warwick were deeply interested in keeping both marriages secret; and yet, if these papers are genuine, they must have been continually going about writing evidence of the transactions—entirely needless certificates and irrelevant memoranda—*à propos* of anything or nothing. This purposeless repetition is a strong argument against their genuineness, although it is quite consistent with the character of Mrs. Serres, who was evidently more than half mad. But when their contents are examined, this first absurdity sinks into absolute nothingness. A couple of instances must suffice. Every lawyer and every statesman must have been perfectly well aware the Duchy of Lancaster had long been inalienably attached to the crown. But in 1773, "Chatham" and "J. Dunning" are reported as attesting a small scrap of paper by which George III. created Olive, Duchess of Cumberland, Duchess of Lancaster! That is not, however, the grossest outrage upon common sense committed by the forger of these documents. An English court of justice was actually asked to believe that some time after the marriage of George III. to the Princess Charlotte the Earl of Chatham (then W. Pitt) and Mr. Dunning put their names as attesting witnesses to a paper purporting to be the will of Hannah Lightfoot, and commencing "Hannah Regina." Any one who can credit that will credit anything. But even this was capped by another piece of evidence. Some little time before his death the late Duke of Kent is said to have made the acquaintance of Mrs. Serres, and not only to have expressed his belief in her legitimacy, but to have constituted her the guardian of his daughter, the present Queen! For the truth of stories of this kind the jury has the least reliable testimony which is allowed to be given in a court of justice—the opinion of an expert that a given signature is that of the person to whom it professes to belong. Considering the skill of many forgers—and there was evidence that Mrs. Serres had devoted considerable attention to the imitation of handwriting—the most positive opinion of any number of experts, could never outweigh the intrinsic improbability of such a story as we have very inadequately told. But the expert produced by the plaintiff broke down in what, for any one but an expert, would have been a most pitiable manner. Having positively sworn to signatures of George III. he was driven to confess that they were utterly unlike those produced from the public offices—but with respect to these he showed the tenacity of purpose with which he had got into the box, by stating that he still believed them to be genuine, because they were such bad imitations! When a gentleman of such intrepidity is compelled, by the most damning accumulation of proof, to acknowledge that signatures of Chatham and Dunning

were spurious, nothing more need be said about the matter. We will not dwell upon the facts that a document, dated 1762, was signed "Chatham," although Mr. Pitt did not take a peerage until 1766; that fifty or sixty documents referred to in memorials or pamphlets published by Mrs. Serres or Mrs. Ryves cannot now be produced; that there are utterly unreconcilable discrepancies between a statement drawn up by a Mr. Bell (described as a genealogical counsel), under the immediate direction of Mrs. Serres in 1821, and the story now told by Mrs. Ryves; and that there are similar discrepancies between the statement and *viva voce* evidence and the documents produced. It may safely be asserted that a case more completely based upon fraud and forgery was never brought into an English court of justice. The imposture attempted to be practised was so "gross, open, palpable," that we cannot withhold an expression of our surprise that any one should have been found ready to take such a case into court. However it is now dead and done for, and we may therefore refrain from commenting, as we should be warranted in doing, upon those who have abetted Mrs. Ryves in what we will charitably call her delusions.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS.

THERE is a remarkable change going on at this moment in the manners of our farmers. The rising generation have little of the roughness and outward obstinacy of their fathers, whilst they inherit all their good fellowship and hospitality. This improvement is of course due to advancing education, and one of the chief agents in that advance is your cattle show or agricultural exhibition. In some parts of England these meetings have been stopped this year owing to the rinderpest. A very short glance at the exhibition just over at Salisbury will suffice to prove that to stop cattle shows for want of cattle is a mistake. Never was there a display more calculated to interest and to improve the agricultural mind than that just made on the grassy slope between Old Sarum and modern Salisbury. The absence of cows, sheep, and pigs, was no doubt so far to be deplored. But there was still so much to see that it took a long day to do any sort of justice to the exhibition. And as the fame of the show spread over the county, not only the farmers but the shepherds of Salisbury Plain came up in crowds to the exhibition.

We need not go far to seek the reason for this great success. The show was held under the auspices of a society which practically encourages taste as well as labour. Now, it is this very capacity amongst our farmers and shepherds which wants encouragement. Fat sheep and strong oxen are already sufficiently appreciated. But on returning across Old Sarum from this exhibition, the burden of every intelligent shepherd's discourse was "them vlowers and picturs." A small but beautiful display of flowers, a moderate temporary gallery of pictures, gave a charm to the whole display, and, for a moment, threw houses, poultry, and patent ploughs into the shade. It was delightful to witness the zeal of the rustic when he found this appeal to his taste for nature and art. When he got amongst the exquisite azaleas and geraniums, he seemed half afraid at first to venture too near anything so lovely. In the picture-gallery, however, he recovered himself, and hazarded some criticisms, amidst a general vote of approbation. He went home more determined than ever to take the prize at the next cottage-garden show, but a little less satisfied with the print of David and Goliath over his mantel-piece. It would be a good thing for all concerned if the promoters of our agricultural shows throughout England would follow the good example of the Bath and West of England Society. This valuable association, whilst fully alive to all that is useful, condescends also to attend to what is ornamental. Their exhibitions, instead of being huddled together in stables or yards, are held in the most picturesque spots available, and within ample and park-like inclosures. At Salisbury, the eye mounted on one side to the rough height of Old Sarum, and, on the other, fell on the city and venerable spire. Within the inclosure the steam-engines could puff, the dogs bark, and the geese cackle, without interrupting one another. All the implements could be seen by every visitor, all the animals clean and well cared for. There was none of that mephitic Exeter-change odour which pervades metropolitan exhibitions. We have often shown how much the pastor or the schoolmaster is doing for the good people of England. But it is not easy to estimate how greatly the labours of professed teachers are supplemented by the quiet, earnest men who inspire these local agricultural shows. As at Salisbury, their work may meet with temporary discouragement, with stupid local functionaries and rainy days; but the labours of men who, in the true

missionary spirit, seek to enlarge the views as well as to advance the interests of their fellow-creatures, cannot be lost. The Sarum show, triumphing over an obstructive mayor and a deluge of rain, ended in sunshine and smiles. And so the labours of our agricultural reformers who venture to combine flowers and pictures with ploughs and poultry shall not go without their reward.

HATS AND BONNETS.

It has sometimes happened that genius, by a phrase only meant for poetry, makes a prophecy, and in this way gunpowder, the steam-engine, and the mariner's compass, are said to have been anticipated. Time works the miracle, and causes the event to correspond with the guess. Even now there is a certain hyperbole becoming a fact. Did the lady who first called her bonnet "a duck" ever imagine that a season would approach when milliners would go as near a duck as possible when composing a head-gear? Far be it from us to question any device the taste of the sex offers for our admiration. We can only stand by and wonder. In these bonnets are revealed to us the strange mystery of the female notion of attire. Here they have full swing. In dress the fall has necessitated a few restraints which, however irksome, must be borne, but touching bonnets nothing is imposed. And so their variety is infinite, and their name legion. We turn back to the portraits of our great grandmothers, or to their fashion books, and find that a "coal-scuttle" was the rage. Historians and essayists who will describe for you the private views of Cornelius a Lapide, or Julius Cæsar, might find it difficult to account for the matrimonial success of those great grandmothers, for reading by our light can we comprehend a man falling in love with a woman whose appearance was ridiculously suggestive of Wallsend? Of course our age has improved in this respect, and when *Le Follet* for June, 1866, is disinterred by a curious twentieth-century writer, he will find therein a legacy of designs worthy of us. We would not be taken in with "coal-scuttles." We like flowers growing naturally from the human hair, or a small platter of straw laid on the summit of the head. An inverted soup-plate is considered a graceful coiffure, and a lace-rimmed oyster-shell is worn as a sweet thing. We have, to quote *Le Follet*, the "Trouville," the "Biarritz," the "Clarisse," and the "Mandarin." You wear a "green butterfly with silver wings" on your Mandarin. It is necessary this butterfly should be green. The "Clarisse" has a scarf of gauze round the crown, fastened under a large rosette of gauze trimmed with feathers from the throat of the peacock. See how particular we are as to details, almost as much so as the German dramatist who noted in his play "here is to be heard the sound of a red coat brushing." Anglers are not more precise in their hackles than ladies in the ornaments of the bonnet. A few weeks since, Mr. Tupper warned us of a robin-famine, in consequence of the redbreast being sacrificed at the shrine of fashion. Last year, sea-gulls were in danger of extermination to judge by the run upon their wings. No lady's hat was perfect without a wing, and we believe it was this poor fowl that furnished the decoration. Can it be that the custom is just a relic of the savage state, and owes its origin to an idea connected with that which induces the dandies of the Feejee islands to wear trinkets of sharks' teeth and the tibias of departed relatives, while the ladies of the same district cover their heads with feathers, after first steeping them in grease? We dress our feathers: they have them *au naturel*. But have they anything resembling the "Tarte" or the "Fanchon?" The "Tarte" is a real love, not bigger than a saucer, and constructed identically of the same shape as that useful article. "La Tarte" is much sought after. It serves no vulgar purpose, though, such as protecting the head. Wreaths of tiny blossoms garnish "La Tarte," and long floating strings depend from it. The hair must be carefully got up to set off "La Tarte." A recent traveller mentions a tribe in which the chiefs twisted their hair into helmets, and, if we advance as we are, there is nothing to prevent our ladies twisting the hair into bonnets. The chignon is a step in that direction, the first Darwinian development. This fashion would have the merit of economy, hair being more lasting than straw or tulle. At present the bonnet is not a bonnet. Four years ago it commenced to diminish—the sides disappeared first, then the front; last year, the back went, and now the top is about to depart. We suspect the "Mandarin" is the last we shall see of it, and what a change from the straw tunnel in which a lady's face once resided, to the paltry thatch from under which it now smiles at us. One was a substantial house, the other is a mere cottage *ornée*.

There is a singular circumstance to be remarked here. How general the quantity of hair is, how perfect the plaiting, and how universally the ladies are able to meet the exigencies of a custom which would appear to be more or less dependent on natural advantages. They seem never short of hair, to use a common phrase. They can even have it what colour they wish, and Mr. Tupper's robins were unfortunate in possessing waistcoats which matched the prevailing hue. The bonnets play but a secondary part after all. The "Mandarin" only presides over a chignon. A kind of poultice, or bandelette of lace, as we should write, just protects this sacred bump. Unfeeling persons suspect the bump to be stuffed with cotton. At the root of it we have seen fruit sprouting. It is the substitute for the poll of the bonnet, and is Grecian. The ladies are assured that the chignon is of classic origin, and taking this notion into their heads they cannot have enough of it. How can we charge them with frivolity or caprice in dress, when they go for a fashion to the immortal statues of old Athens? Certainly the statues had their heads neatly dressed, and considering that the sculptor seldom embarrassed the rest of the figure with any superfluous draping, it is to be assumed he did his best with the hair. If this classic principle is carried out, we may find it open to a few objections. Say that the bonnets vanish, that the Mandarin and his family are discarded, what next, and next? The coal-scuttle, we understand, was in vogue when blushing was known, but that art or infirmity being now obsolete or being rendered a permanent attraction, we dispense with the coal-scuttle. To do things altogether as they did in Greece would scarcely suit. We confess we do not witness the complete extinction of the bonnet without a misgiving and a regret. "La Tarte" does not console us, and the "Mandarin" is an inefficient substitute. It will take some time before we are reconciled to "Le Caprice." Not that we are heretical enough to question the propriety of even a "Mandarin." In those matters, as we said before, the ladies should have absolute authority and control. Only we should warn them not to be surprised at the remarks which the innovations give occasion to. In the commencement of this season the sex took to what, for want of a better name, we shall term zebra dresses. We beheld our wives and daughters covered with stripes, and streaked even as the wild asses of the desert. Now we have grown accustomed to their streakiness. So we may yet be charmed with the "Lamballe" or with the "Tronville," "having the borders raised at the side edged with velvet, worked with beads or straw, and trimmed with feathers." The black box which is worn on the head wherever the English language is spoken, shows how stupid gentlemen are at inventing a hat. The Conservative protection which keeps up the hideous gear, indicates how we should encourage a spirit of ingenuity amongst ladies, who might otherwise relapse into the dismal sameness from which we suffer. But we respectfully, with deference, and merely as outsiders, would proffer a word for the bonnet proper. Is our climate as dry and warm as that of Paris? Are we as successful in dressing up to the "Lamballe," in harmonizing cloak, mantle, shawl, or whatever it may be, to the pitch of the hair, as the French? These be grave considerations. Shall it be bonnet or "Clarisse"? It strikes our uninstructed minds as a misnomer to call a bason of crape a bonnet, and yet it is a bonnet according to *Le Follet*, and belongs to the genus "Fanchon." The hats are to the bonnets as a crocodile to an alligator, or as the proverbial negro named after the Roman emperor to the other negro. We have mentioned them indiscriminately. Both are gauzy and floral. Fashion, however, should not imitate Heliogabalus, and require peacocks, red-breasts, and kingfishers, to grace her dainty dishes. Who suffers for the flowers we need not detail; the manufacture of artificial flowers is not a pleasant subject, but a lady will have them all the same. One consequence of the mode is that bonnets have to be renewed almost as often as gloves. That fact, however, suggests a reflection so obviously mean and unworthy that we shall not dwell on it; we should not complain of what gives us an opportunity of repeating the chiefest privilege of a British father. Paying for a bonnet should be a pleasure, and we have no doubt it is; we trust though that the "Mandarin," the "Lamballe," and "La Tarte," are only temporary, and that a bonnet will not become so diminutive as to puzzle a very Owen of millinery, who might be asked to construct one from a future "Fanchon."

THE WAYS AND MEANS OF NOVELS.

A CAPITAL anecdote was told some time ago by the Paris correspondent of a daily paper. On the French journals a romance writer is always kept, and the gentleman who served

the *Patrie* in this capacity was rather slow, or tame, or what not, in his incidents. He was accordingly sent for by the editor, who said, "You must be good enough to clear out my lower story within a week—il faut que vous me nettoyez mon vez de chaussée d'ici à la fin de la semaine." "But," replied the author, "I have fifteen personages all alive." "That is nothing to me," returned the inexorable editor; "you must kill them, hang them, or dispose of them somehow." And thereupon the novelist set to work, drowned one character, shot another, charcoaled a third, and in some manner got rid of the entire lot. A few years since an action was taken against a favourite writer of this class in London who threw over an engagement abruptly. On the trial the publisher complained that his serial had been injured by the conduct of the defendant, who, being anxious to conclude the current novel, put all the characters on board a steamboat at Boulogne, got them well outside the harbour, and then blew them up with the boiler. Both stories are suggestive of the inner life of literature, and of the queer machinery working behind the pageant of the novel. Miss Braddon (who ought to be an excellent authority) sketches a sensation craftsman at home; and Poe, De Quincey, and Coleridge, have made various conjectures as to the piling of what is commonly termed the "agony." There are really now as many receipts for emotion-cooking as there are for cooking eggs, and we have no doubt but that it would, with the material at hand, be quite possible to construct a work on the subject, after the style of those ready-reckoners and short-cuts to everything, which are so popular. For it must be remembered that each hit in the sensation line is the parent in time of many children, and that, as the effects are not patented, the illegitimate offspring pass muster without the slightest difficulty. Don't we, deluged with novels as we are, know the situation at which we are to be horrified half a dozen chapters before it? By this we are thoroughly versed in the mode in which the love is made. There are, besides, a certain class of personages who come on the scene with a harassing frequency. Speaking of novels generally, and of the last spring crop in particular, we venture to say that forty detectives at least would be found in them, and fifty barristers. To paraphrase Hood's joke, our very paper-cutter smells of Scotland-yard and of the Inns of Court. And might we inquire of some really clever authors how much do they feel themselves indebted to Mr. Thackeray's George Warrington and Captain Shandon for their good fellows and literary Bohemians? George Warrington is a tempting character to imitate, but quite inaccessible to any man save the writer, who inclosed the outline from his own great shadow. The artist, too, is fast being turned into a novel-nuisance. Have we not been told all that can be told of his beard, and his jokes, his jealousies, his amours, his suppers, and his pictures? We believe there is much exaggeration on this point, which artists ought, in their own concern, to correct. If they do not, we shall bequeath a gallery of sentimental vagabonds to posterity as truthful portraits of the gentlemen artists of the nineteenth century. There is an artistic Grub-street in romance.

We concede that these ways and means are incomparably superior, even with their excesses, to the miserable Rosa-Matildaism of the Minerva library, but we are beaten hollow by writers who had not half our advantages. With all its faults, Tom Jones is still the best novel in the language, and Joseph Andrews is next to it. Parson Adams has never been matched, although the author of "Barchester Towers" can draw clergymen distinctly enough. It may be said that genius can be exceptionally beyond its period; but there are points of excellence in the works to which we allude which might be made common to the art of novel-writing. Why is it that our novelists will persist in writing bad English, not grammatically bad, but an inferior, careless language, overloaded with phrases of questionable origin, and bristling with epithets which positively deter sentiment or pathos from associating with it? Critics are entirely too lenient in this respect. Young ladies now, instead of working an anti-macassar, take to writing a novel, and the thing is hawked from one book-taster to another, until in the end it is published. If they can patch up the shreds of recollected flirtations, and sow in a few pieces of that garish twaddle which is accepted as "passion," they receive encouragement enough to write another, and though their last state be worse than their first, not four journals, whose trade it should be to tell the truth, will bring them to a proper sense of their condition. Let us, at any rate, have sound English. We have no academy to keep the language intact, but we ought ourselves to preserve that which has come down to us from Shakespeare and from Milton. "Esmond" is an example of what could be done by an able purist, and to follow "Esmond"

even at a humble distance, would be productive of wholesomer consequences, than dodging the footsteps of some writer who dances through all the moods and tenses of bigamy. Then, what has become of the "narrative" novels—stories which were massively and closely built? We have imported the dialogue fashion from France, but the French briskness has evaporated in the decanting. We have to galvanize our puppets with scraps of Greek and plenty of *argôt* to make them conversationally lively. We are often too clever and too funny to be natural; and very, very often dull in that sad humour which maketh the heart of the reader sick at the sorry fun of the author and his miserable attempts at jocoseness. Not one writer is capable of composing dialogue for a hundred who might achieve success in narrative, and yet novelists will indulge in pages of talkee talkee, or in a laboured exchange of balderdash between two people who walk on the boards for no other purpose than to play this game of verbal shuttlecock. Narrative would admit of that neatness in style so much required. A born proser would be found out at once. Simplicity would be encouraged, for good narrative should be simple, and surely simplicity is wanting. The "Vicar of Wakefield" owes its power to unique consistence and unaffectedness, to the delicate toning of the work, to its exquisite subservience to art, and yet the art is never visible, "felt, not seen," and to the smooth flow of the tale which never breaks into those impertinent asides which distract and falsify any sincere emotion.

We mention these books on the chance that, when the seaside season arrives, we may have something quiet for the sands. At present, in the existing state of the novel market, a man is not safe in purchasing books which on their very covers exhibit inflammatory symptoms. You do not escape into a pleasant fancy-land when among detectives or excessively witty people, or people with bosoms torn in throes, and anguish written on their foreheads. Nor do you feel easy in the society of heroes of the Centaur species who jump tremendous ditches, and are capable of much sentiment and of much Horace. You want a book possessing an artistic totality, which leads you through no impossible devices to the end—a book which is the result of study, and in the polish of which you experience a sensible pleasure scarcely less than what the tale itself gives rise to. How grateful such a work would be none can better tell than those who are obliged to wade through a veritable book-land of Nod, overflowing with ink, and little else. The summer supply of 1866 promises to be the most extensive within the memory of the longest subscriber to Mudie's. The ladies display a wonderful scribbling fecundity, and an industry which would be laudable if it were not so utterly worthless. Of course, we should discriminate, and beg our readers to do so for us. This paper has only addressed itself to hitches patent as the light. It would be a more grateful task to discover the good books, though perhaps a more difficult one; but we are for free trade in the novel business, provided it is carried on in English, and therefore put forward no invidious recommendation. This stipulation, however, we should insist upon, and though it might be a startling preventative check, not many would regret its consequences. Even free trade has its natural checks, and we would not deplore a slight Malthusism in literature. Novels may increase until there is no room for more. We might say, "Every minute dies a book, every minute one is born." What use are some of these rickety infants? Their birth often induces a wish for the resuscitation of the Herodian critics now mouldering on our shelves, those literary swash-bucklers who desired no better fun than tossing a bantling of this kind on the bayonets of their merciless pens.

CHILDREN.

MUCH has been said about the blessing of children and the desolation of a childless old age. The man who "has his quiver full of them" is pronounced "happy;" and, as the loss of his children was numbered among the greatest of Job's trials, we are subsequently told, in proof of the prosperity of his later years, that he "lived to see his sons and his sons' sons." The view which prevailed among the Jews has not been confined to them or their times, but seems shared alike by all nations in all ages. In Ireland at this time an unfruitful marriage is looked upon as a calamity, and the size of a family is considered the measure of Divine favour. A nation whose population is decreasing is supposed to be under the ban of extermination. Whatever anxiety parents may suffer on account of their children, we doubt whether any would prefer to be without them. Certainly the representative of an ancient

or a wealthy house deplores the non-existence of an heir, and this is, so far, natural; but even the poor man with a large family of children would not exchange his lot with the childless man. We have remarked moreover that, as a rule, large families prosper, in the long run, more than the very small ones. We suppose it is that, standing loyally by each other, and accustomed to assist each other, they help one another in the battle of life. The one who has mounted high on the ladder gives a helping hand to the rest. Like links of a chain, they mutually strengthen each other.

Children and childhood have been surrounded with an atmosphere of poetry, and have been invested with all the charms of poetic fancy:—

"Angels are talking to them in their dreams—
Angelic voices whispering sweet and clear."

They are supposed to hold some intercourse with the world of spirits, and their very smiles are interpreted to mean communion with a world unseen. Their gestures, tones, and language are the constant theme of poets, and moralists take them for their text. For ordinary mortals like ourselves they possess a wondrous charm; and they are a relaxation to the man of business or the student, who can unbend to them, when to all the world beside they are unapproachable. The painter makes them his study, and they have been among his most successful works, for infancy appeals and pleads to all alike. When they are tricked out in muslin and silk, and toddle in after dinner, every eye lights up, and they become the centre of all attraction, and later on their lisps and their sayings become household words, and their elders learn to speak a language which they have caught from infant lips. They are, in their early years, a source of the greatest amusement and interest. The old grow young again in their presence. They are to them like the green shoots of a second summer. Even they who profess dislike or indifference towards them have been known to fondle their own children by stealth, almost ashamed of a weakness to which nature has prompted them. The affection of a little child is almost the only thing which a suspicious nature does not distrust. There is something in the simple, untutored, spontaneous return with which a child meets its overtures that disarms it at once of that reserve with which more or less it surrounds itself in all its intercourse with the world. But there is another side of the question which, in all fairness, ought not to be attributed so much to the children themselves as to those who are their natural guardians. Who does not know what is meant by an *enfant terrible*? and who that has suffered from it can be blamed for railing against children as a nuisance? A child of quick intelligence and much observation, who has a certain faculty of putting one and one together—who hears and listens attentively to all that is passing around, both in the nursery and in the drawing-room—who is suffered to live on too familiar terms with its elders—who has but little tact and less self-control—who blurts out all that comes into its little mind without regard to time or place, and says the most *mal-apropos* things that can be imagined—whose pert sayings are retailed as clevernesses by ill-judging parents and servants in its presence, till it has learnt to value them as having some merit in them—who is allowed to engross all the attention with its stories and its prattle, to the evident annoyance of those who see no charm in it—such a child is indeed one of the greatest pests of society.

But it is, we repeat, more the fault of others than of the child. Amused by the smartness of its sayings, or by the quickness of its perceptions, parents encourage it for their own amusement, and laugh at it, while in the nursery it finds favour, because it is one of the means by which nurses and nurserymaids learn what is going on in the drawing-room. But this is a two-edged sword, which cuts both ways, for if it reveals the tactics of the drawing-room, those of the nursery and housekeeper's-room do not escape. With eyes and ears well open, a ready tongue, and a retentive memory, children become dangerous to friend and foe. What is more detestable than a child divested of every particle of *mauvaise honte*, who obtrudes its remarks and its nursery news upon every one, and forces itself upon all people alike? It hears perhaps in the nursery some comments that have been made upon a flirtation that has been carried on between Aunt Jane and her cousin, who have, in the innocence of their hearts, imagined that it had escaped detection, and who have no particular wish that the attention of the authorities should be directed to it at that moment. The *enfant terrible* announces, in its own sweet way, to her dear grandmamma, in the hearing of her grandpapa, that her aunt and cousin are fond of each other, and, with a certain amount of self-import-

ance, attracts attention to the existing state of things. The mine has been sprung—the murder is out—and Aunt Jane and her cousin are severely reprimanded, while the latter is dismissed, and the former is never suffered to stir beyond the watchful eyes of a grim Cerberus who is placed on guard. It is vain to hope that, in the presence of such inquisitors, anything can remain secret or escape being proclaimed from the housetop. The housemaid and her "follower" suffer equally from the same penetrating eye, listening ear, and garrulous tongue; and "mamma" is duly informed of the conversation which took place between the under nursemaid and the young man on the other side of the stile. Such watchdogs pay to those who care to know the minutest details of their household and therefore they are not corrected.

No bland amenities can be successful while one of these "sweet little pets" is at hand with its revelations, its explanations, and its glosses, for it is sure to remember how mamma said she was glad to hear that Mrs. So-and-so was going away. An amusing story is told of a lady who once pressed a friend to visit her in the country. On his arrival at —, he was at once shown to his room, the dressing-bell, as he was informed, having already rung. On entering the room in which the company assembled before dinner, he found himself alone with a little girl, elegantly dressed, who, as the event proved, was quite up to the occasion. He spoke to her in language which he supposed to be suited to her years, and, for a time, they got on very well together, when she presently bethought herself that she would like to know the name of her new friend. He at once complied with her request, and told her his name, to which she instantly replied, with the utmost naïveté:—"Oh, then, you are the man that mamma says has sung himself into society!" Pleasant announcement in the first moments of an arrival at a strange house! especially when it suddenly flashed across our friend's mind that it had been a special proviso in the invitation that he should bring all his music with him. But there is no end to the stories which almost every one has to tell of the *mal-à-propos* sayings of these blessed little pests. If a friend is pressed to stay, and regrets his inability to do so, the *enfant terrible* is sure to say it is glad of it. It is in vain to hope to dissemble your love or your aversion, if, in some unguarded moment, no secret has been made of either. "Little pitchers have long ears," and people are apt to forget this when they talk over the things which most deeply interest them, forgetful that the tongue of the young and old alike is an unruly member. Precocious children, who have not been kept in their proper place, and whose tongues have been allowed to run on *ad libitum*, have not unfrequently been the disturbers of domestic happiness. Tale-bearing is an odious habit, whether in the old or young, and no fireside is safe against its attacks. An amusing instance occurred, within our memory, of a petted child who was suffered to accompany her father in a round of visits which he proposed to make. His visits being made, he brought her back to her mother, with the evident expectation of some praise for his punctuality. Mamma, in her gladness, drew the child towards her, gave her a kiss, and was on the point of expressing a hope that she had been amused, when she was cut short by the "sweet child" saying, "Ah, that is just what papa did to Mrs. —." It was impossible for her unfortunate father to contradict or explain. There he stood convicted, no doubt inwardly resolving that when he went visiting in future he would leave his *enfant terrible* at home.

We think that, in connection with this subject, the duty to children is twofold. First, that they should be taught from their earliest childhood that it is both dishonourable and wrong to repeat what they hear; and secondly, that care should be taken not to place upon them a burden too heavy to bear, by talking too openly and indiscriminately before them of things which we do not wish to hear repeated again. If their elders are imprudent enough to talk rashly before them, let them be taught the virtue of that reserve which prevents tale-bearing; but let it be remembered that it is cruel and wrong to try the temper of children by forcing upon them a habit which is opposed to the free nature of childhood. We think it as wrong to do this as to place money, and other valuables, within the reach of servants, with no other purpose than to test their honesty. It must tend to destroy, in some degree, the simplicity of a child's character; it must rob it of some of its freshness. If a child is made to walk sooner than its little strength allows, the mistake will be seen in the distortion of its limbs; so, with regard to their mind and character, if children are put into forced and unnatural positions, the result will be some malformation, such as slyness, untruthfulness, or that precocity which renders them detestable.

ART CRITICISM AND ART CLIQUES.

THERE is no quality of a cultivated mind more difficult to define, or, when defined, more difficult to measure by any recognised standard of excellence, than that keen perception of the beautiful in art which we call taste. The word itself, in its æsthetic sense, is a comparatively modern one, which has become gradually vulgarized since its original adoption, and thus depends for its value entirely on the individual respect which we may have for the person who uses it. From the pen of Sir Joshua Reynolds we acknowledge its importance; in the lips of a shopman it becomes ridiculous. Still, it is an expression which we cannot afford to banish from our vocabulary, for the simple reason that we have no better one to take its place. It would be a great loss, for instance, to thousands of honest people who flock to our annual exhibitions of pictorial art, all flattering themselves, doubtless, that they have a taste for the attractions by which they are surrounded, or at least that, to quote a hackneyed phrase which frequently startles us by its obvious imbecility, they "know what they like." When it is remembered that this latter class is the least likely of all to change its opinion, and that real connoisseurs derive their acquaintance with art from sources widely removed from the range of ordinary newspaper criticism, it is difficult to imagine for whom the critics can write, or who are influenced by the judgments which they pass. And yet there must be a large proportion of the educated public who read critiques with attention, if not with avidity, who like to measure their own notions of what is good or bad in art with those which they see in the London papers, and who are often content to be taught, and gradually to remodel their taste at the bidding of men whose names they have scarcely heard. One of the best proofs of this lies in the fact that artists themselves are singularly sensitive on the subject of newspaper criticism, and are always anxious to secure some mention of their works in the public press, for even where they despise the intrinsic value of such criticism, they reckon greatly on its influence with the world at large. It is to be feared, however, that a painter's *beau idéal* of a critic differs widely, and will always differ, from that which is formed by the *oi πολλοι*. The workman naturally looks for attention to technical qualities of work which escape the notice of an amateur—for appreciation of sentiment such as no one but an artist can sincerely feel, and finally for the acceptance of motive, however inadequately expressed.

In addition to these points of difference, it must be remembered that the space which can be devoted to the mention of individual pictures is necessarily small in any journal of importance. To do fair justice to the merits of one superior work as much "copy" is required as would suffice to describe a dozen others equally good in aim, but lacking those qualities which can only be gained by additional experience of hand or eye. Are these last to be ignored and set aside for the purpose of trumpeting the excellence of skill which has been long acknowledged, and which is already beyond the reach of the critic's influence? If so, public criticism is at once deprived of one of its most important functions, which we take to be not only those involving praise and censure, but those which embody instruction and encouragement. An art critic's duty is twofold. He has to pass sound judgment on the works he is describing and, through them, on the ability which has called them forth. But he has also to bear his reader in mind, and to take care that in the excess of his enthusiasm, or in an anxiety to be accurate, he does not run the risk of boring an audience who share neither his knowledge nor his zeal. Our English critics are generally so anxious to avoid this latter fault that they run into an opposite extreme and become flippant. A writer who is bent on making his article amusing, who insists on inventing a *bon mot* for every picture which he describes, and who wants to show you that however great or small its merits happen to be, he at least is clever and original in what he says about it, may be a very brilliant journalist, but is no true critic. The French, with all the tendency to superficial wit which characterizes their language, rarely commit this error, and if they indulge in satire in describing a picture, it is generally supplementary to some truth proclaimed in the critique—not as an excuse for saying nothing more about it.

Unfortunately, even the most conscientious critic is liable to be misled occasionally by ignorance and prejudice. It seems absurd to question the ability for censorship in anyone whom we recognize in the character of censor. The proposition would hold good nowhere but in the field of taste. But there are so many lights in which art may be regarded, so many theories respecting its requirements, and such diversity of

opinion about their due fulfilment, that it is not difficult to understand how a critic whose opinion is valuable on the works of one particular school, should fail in the estimate of merit which he may be called upon to form concerning another. For instance, how is it possible that men whose judgment has been nourished and matured amid the conventional notions which prevailed regarding that which was known as the "Grand School" in this country during the first part of the present century, should feel any sympathy with the stern and prosaic interpretation of nature once called (and mis-called) Pre-Raphaelism? And can we expect that all who adopted the doctrines of Millais at the outset of his career will keep pace with the revulsion of feeling which has led him and most of his followers to strike out a new path for themselves? No one who examines with even superficial attention the works composing the Vernon Collection can fail to be struck with the extraordinary difference of aim which they present, compared with that of paintings which preceded, and paintings which followed that epoch. A great gulf seems to separate one school from another. It is not only a question of merit, nor even a question of taste, but one affecting the end and aim of art itself. If art has only one side, one purpose, one means by which it can reach the heads and hearts of men, two of these paths must be absolutely wrong.

The truth is, Art is by no means so limited either in its object or its conditions, as some critics and artists would have us suppose. Its consummation is to be found neither in this nor that country alone, neither in one particular age nor in another. One used to hear a great deal of cant respecting the eternal principles which should guide its practice. But who has ever been able to lay them down? Giotto was a great painter, Titian was a great painter—so, in his way, was Van Eyck. Can anything be more dissimilar than the several excellences of these men? Is there any definable quality beyond the simplest elements of their art which they may be said to possess in common? And if we who can recognise the different aim of such genius at different times, also acknowledge the surpassing merit of each type, how is it possible that in these degenerate days there can be raised a standard of absolute right and wrong in taste, while all are groping blindly after styles, and methods, and sentiments of art, from which we are really separated by the lapse of centuries? The attempt is chimerical, and worse than simply chimerical, because it engenders a feeling of foolish vanity and narrow-mindedness in the little cliques and societies which artists have a tendency to form among themselves in this country, and which, however conducive to the good-fellowship of a few, are not likely to promote the interests of national art. Half a dozen young gentlemen living in Soho or St. John's Wood may hob and nob with each other—meet at Jack's house or Tom's chambers—fill their pipes from the same 'baccy jar—pass round the honest pewter from mouth to mouth—commend Dick Tinto's picture to the skies and abuse the Royal Academy. There is no harm whatever in all this. A little friendly intercourse between them is infinitely more pleasant and infinitely more profitable than if they were airing their heels in a May Fair drawing-room or dancing attendance upon officious patronage. The Latakia, no doubt, settles upon them in a beneficent cloud; the stout, let us hope, flows in a genial current through their veins. Their praise is generous and sincere; their anathemas explode harmlessly in Trafalgar-square. But the moment these same gentlemen constitute themselves, as it were, a mutual admiration society, refuse to see merit in any work but their own, affect eccentricities of speech, of dress, or mode of life, which separate them from the society of their brother artists by a sort of moral shibboleth, then, although they may be capital company for each other, they run the risk of boring the rest of the world, and injuring the cause they wish to espouse. A broad and liberal view of art is absolutely essential to all who would attain greatness in its practice or appreciation; and this is only to be acquired, on the one hand, by sound unbiassed criticism, and on the other by a careful rejection of all that savours of a party spirit.

LITERARY MILLINERS.

At that period of the year when Parliament is in recess, there are strange peculiarities to be noted in the newspaper world. The *Little Peddlington Gazette*, no longer able to fill its columns with the utterances of Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Lowe, is driven to the verge of desperation to satisfy the inevitable requirements of type, and is often obliged to let in the disjointed poets who have in vain petitioned for the honour

of the corner during livelier seasons. In London, something analogous to this takes place. The reading atmosphere becomes either darkened by the flight of *canards*, or suddenly enlightened by a novel diversion into a subject whose interest may be neither exactly social nor political, but which is eminently feminine. The ladies are sure to turn up when the spring fashions come in, and the first vernal bonnet in the park is generally the signal for an article in the modish journals on the condition of female apparel. Now, there are old precedents for this practice, and we must not forget that Mr. *Spectator* made wit and capital out of it; still there is a manner of late in which the thing is done which is entirely our own, and may be said to belong to the Victorian era. On reading one of these essays, it is impossible not to be reminded of the Parisian expert, whose sole occupation consists in walking round the ladies, and seeing that they are attractive on every side. The literary milliner surveys his subjects from various points of view, and finds this too short in the neck, and that too long in the petticoat, just as we would expect the French professor of costume to do. Like all great men, both possess a fixed principle or standard by which they measure excellence. Fashion is a vagrant and flighty creature unless controlled by rules; and if there are any persons capable of enacting those sumptuary statutes, they surely are the subordinates who propose to themselves the glorious mission of teaching morals and mantles in the same line. The Paris dress-doctor (the unusual occupation taxes our resources of nomenclature) has, perhaps, a simpler task than the English milliner of literature. He pronounces only upon the attractiveness, or the reverse, of his patients. He refuses to recognise the ethics of a shawl, or the number of sins uncovered when the neck is bare. His duty is confined to the outside; the garnishing of the house within he does not conceive to be his province.

Not so his lettered prototype. He used to be Jenkins, and for convenience let him be Jenkins now. Jenkins goes into the question profoundly—profoundly, that is to say, for him. His treatise contains much French, French being the language of polite society, and polite society being the only class for which these delightful speculations are intended. Now and again, however, our literary milliner speaks homely English enough. There are passages, indeed, where he is positively free, and rather easy. Not that he is improper, but he winds about and in and out the verge and brink of localities which are almost profaned by observance. To tell the ladies what they ought to do, it is necessary to tell them what they ought not, and Jenkins meets the obvious difficulty of this situation with much courage and candour. Abandoning for a moment the high moral ticket upon which he passed into those carefully fenced premises, he assumes a more practical air, and takes a leaf, as it were, from the pattern-book of the French woman-tailor. He tells the ladies that as their sole object in coming into this world was to get married, and well married, that as their entire intellects and energies should be directed towards the successful attainment of that result, they should carefully study the means by which it may be brought about. There are those of a certain age, he says, with whom it is literally neck or nothing, and be you not of that order if you can help. You may win by a neck, but the chances are against you. Keep your best forces in reserve. "Private views" are the privilege of the initiated—of the exclusives. Besides, however liberal your inclinations may be, and however generously you dress, there are rivals who can beat you by the exercise of a professional skill completely untrammelled. Perhaps it is hard to impose terms on you, but see the difficulty. Men are to be caught, and the quiet plan is by far the most fortunate. Then, after all, please remember religion, and note how complacently it adapts itself in this instance to the machinery of the matrimonial trap. This is Jenkins fairly translated, but we cannot hail him with the benediction bestowed on Bottom. We do not know but that this Jenkinese propriety is not the thinnest of veneers, and the flimsiest of moral covering. The reckoning up of the different incitations to passion, the weighing them in a scale against those habits which act as a relief to men who are jaded with prurience, and the presentation of the result in the shape of a receipt for husband-catching, appears to us to be an epitome of it. The whole notion is founded on the basis, that men are only capable of one feeling towards women, and that women should play upon that with sufficient discretion. There was wisdom as well as antithesis in the remark which Johnson passed upon Chesterfield's letters. This kind of *petit maître* ethics has been ever productive of mischief. It is invariably narrow-headed and nasty, too, in spite of the drenching of high-bred quotations. If ladies, according to Jenkins, are occasionally discussed like race horses, we should wish to be told

where it is done if not in the place where their "charms" are on exhibition for a lecture by some one whose pointing rod would seem to be a shop yard measure.

We must be permitted to doubt the vocation and the qualification of Jenkins when he goes beyond his sphere. He is no more a *censor morum*, as he would have us understand, than the Parisian functionary we have alluded to is a mathematician. With all Addison's freedom he never spoke so contemptuously of women as Jenkins, and when he approached a matter of costume, he treated it in a serio-comic vein far more effective and innocent than the knowing writer with his "private views" and exclusive experiences. We doubt his experiences, and question his deductions from them. Are women nothing more than what he describes? and can you not give them a more creditable reason for abandoning the style of Anonyma, than to put it that policy (the Jenkinsonian morality) recommends another game? This comes of Jenkins rushing with the proverbial eagerness of his tribe into quarters from which a sense of decorum ought to have deterred him. Ladies have managed their dress affairs since the time when Eve became her own milliner, and we suspect they will retain the government of costume as long as the necessity for a costume obtains. Logically, indeed, it might be urged, that as gentlemen dress to please ladies, and ladies exchange the intent, we should have the ordering of feminine apparel, and ladies the direction of male garments; but there are a few inconveniences in the way of this project which are nearly insurmountable. At present all we have do, or ought to do, with ladies' dresses is, to pay for them. Making sermons out of those delicate texts does not answer: it is suggestive of that unseemly incongruity, a looking-glass in the cover of a Bible. It does well enough for the Tabernacle School, and the sort of preachers who wax warm and often indecent in order to be forcible, but we do not want it, or anything resembling it, in our newspapers. The literary milliner might employ himself on those pictorial ventures specially devoted to fashion. Let him indicate there what he wants, and calculate to an inch the mark and figure required for the business he professes. Does he know if "Jenkins" was the name under which Achilles passed among the women? Fortunately we may not have another touch of this milliner's quality for a twelvemonth, but it would be a pity he disappeared without a special note on the character of his performance. Several of our contemporaries have paid him the compliment of extending his notions, or of hanging a few of their own on the same peg: we stand alone in presenting him first with a name suited to his elegance, and, secondly, with a caution provoked by his assurance.

THE CANNON-STREET MURDER.

ANY other verdict than that at which the jury arrived on Thursday afternoon in the case of William Smith, charged with the murder of Mrs. Milson, in Cannon-street, was impossible on the face of the facts as presented before them in evidence. A weaker case has seldom or never been brought into a criminal court, and, even without reference to the *alibi* on which the defence was based, the jury would have been justified in giving the verdict of acquittal which was ultimately pronounced, or rather would have had no choice but to pronounce it. For our own part, indeed, we would rather base that verdict on the evidence for the prosecution than on that for the defence. The witnesses for the prisoner were not as clear in their statements with respect to the whereabouts of Smith on the fatal evening as Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, Smith's counsel, had led the jury to anticipate. They wavered a little under cross-examination, and, with some, the statement that they had been with the prisoner during the whole of the evening of April 11th was seemingly an after-thought. But the evidence for the prosecution, taken quite by itself, was clearly insufficient to establish the charge under which Smith was arraigned. We do not say that the case was free from suspicion, or that we have any wish to make a martyr of the accused. William Smith, *alias* William Denton, is no doubt an idle and worthless young fellow, and some of the facts connect him in a way far from creditable with the close of poor Mrs. Milson's life. But there is nothing approaching satisfactory proof that he was the man who struck the murderous blows in Messrs. Bevington's warehouse, and who got off so successfully through the very heart of the City. The most suspicious circumstance, unquestionably, is the fact of the prisoner having written, in the name of one George Terry, a letter of a threatening character to the deceased housekeeper, apparently demanding the repayment of borrowed

money. This letter was found in Mrs. Milson's box after her death, and, on being shown by the police-sergeant Moss to Smith when he was arrested, the latter did not deny that he had written it. It appears from the evidence of Terry that he had been instrumental in procuring for Mrs. Milson a loan of money from a Mrs. Webber, and that he had entered into some sort of arrangement with Smith for acting as his "adviser" in endeavouring to recover the sum. Smith, according to the statement of Terry, went at his request one day to Messrs. Bevington's warehouse, and got fourteen shillings from the deceased. He could not fix the date of this circumstance, and would not swear that it was not on the 10th of January. What throws an air of suspicion over the evidence of this man Terry is the fact that he was endeavouring to obtain the payment of Mrs. Milson's debt to Mrs. Webber without any authority from the lender, and without at any period accounting to her for such sums as the unfortunate woman from time to time paid him. For that she was frequently called on after office hours by some one who demanded money in a threatening manner—that more than once she gave him money, and that on two occasions she borrowed certain sums of the cook to hand to some one at the door, and did so with every appearance of fear and agitation—is quite certain. But there is no conclusive evidence to show that the prisoner was the man who called at the office, except on one occasion, when, according to Smith's own admission to the police-sergeant, he went by Terry's direction to Messrs. Bevington's, and obtained a sovereign from the housekeeper, for which he gave a receipt. This, he states, was some time towards the close of last year. The subsequent visits may, or may not, have been by Smith; but the evidence did not clearly connect him with them. The testimony of Mrs. Robbins, the housekeeper at a neighbouring warehouse in Cannon-street, was most unsatisfactory. She says that on the night of the murder she heard Messrs. Bevington's door shut violently at about ten minutes past ten, and saw a man come from the door whom she subsequently recognised at the station-house in the person of the prisoner, who was placed with a number of others. But it appears that on the previous day Smith was taken past the house by the police, and that Mrs. Robbins, though told beforehand what was going to be done, could not recognise the man, and even thought she saw him in a cab. It is true that the servant of this witness, and some others, swore to having seen Smith calling at Messrs. Bevington's; but, as these visits were after dusk, such testimony to identity is not very reliable, and one witness, after saying that she thought the prisoner was the man she once saw talking at the door to the housekeeper, who appeared frightened, afterwards retracted her statement, and said the man seemed older than the accused. Furthermore, though, according to the prosecution itself, Smith was seen at Eton (where he lived) on the evening of the 11th of April, no evidence was produced to show that he travelled by rail that night, and it was simply alleged that at the earlier hour he was observed going to the station, and at the later coming from it. We will not say it is impossible for a man to go from Slough to Paddington, and from Paddington to the City, to commit a murder, and to return to Slough, between the hours of half-past seven in the evening and a quarter to twelve at night; but on so nice an issue it would be monstrous to make men's lives depend. Add to this that no weapon or bloody clothes were found at the prisoner's house, and that no motive was shown for the commission of the crime by Smith, and it will be seen that, even without the *alibi* (which was neither a triumphant success nor an utter failure), the prosecution broke down. We do not blame the police for taking the steps they did; there was certainly a *prima facie* case against Smith. But it seems—at least, for the present—as if the murder of Mrs. Milson was likely to be added to the discreditable list of crimes whose authors have successfully defied the law.

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

CAMBRIDGE.

THE comparative quiet of the streets, and the stillness of the college quadrangles, announce the fact that a large number of the undergraduates have taken their departure. The so-called May examinations are now entirely over, Trinity being almost the only college which had not finished its examination a week ago. The lists of classes and prizemen which have appeared in the London papers have been unusually inaccurate this year, and they must indeed be very bad for that to be the case. Tutors of colleges can read through a good many of the names

of their pupils without being able to discover, at first, to which of the real men the fictitious names belong, and it becomes a question what in the world can be the use of printing such a mass of mistakes. It is a very general remark in Cambridge, and has been for the last month or two, that the University information which finds its way into the columns of some portions of the daily press is remarkably inaccurate, especially in the matter of proper names. There is a noticeable ignorance, too, of the real meanings of things, and sometimes unintentional misrepresentation of a ludicrous description. On the whole, the complaint that we are very badly reported has been loud and long, and it is to be hoped that some of the newspaper correspondents will practise legibility during the coming vacation, and will also inform themselves of a few rudimentary facts that may be useful when the October term commences.

The list of classes for the ordinary B.A. degree comes out to-morrow, about two hundred men having been under examination, and the successful candidates receive their degrees on Saturday, which is the last congregation of the present academic year except the closing congregation of the 21st inst. The excitement and amusement of the B.A. degree day is nothing now compared with what it was in the good old times, when all the B.A. degrees were conferred on the last Saturday of January, from the Senior Wrangler down to the last man in the seventh class, or fourth class of ordinary degrees. By the present arrangement about a quarter of the men are taken on the old day, another quarter at Easter, when the degrees for the classical tripos are given, and the remaining half now in the middle of June, when every one else is down, and the galleries are empty. The ceremony of proceeding to the first degree is deprived of almost all its *éclat* for poll men, and the concluding scene of their University course is rendered exceedingly dull and unimpressive. The new poll scheme will probably split up still more the mass of candidates for a degree when it comes into operation. The earlier portion of it, which effects a modification in the present little go, begins to work next December, and considerable curiosity is felt as to what the result will be. So far as present reading is concerned, it has already had a good effect, though not one that will be permanent. It has forced men who are candidates for the ordinary *post-mortem* little-go in October to work as hard as they can, for if they are plucked then they must go in for the December examination, with its new subjects and increased difficulty. Probably tutors of colleges will have to recommend a considerable number of their men to turn their thoughts to some profession which will not require a university degree, for the flight of candidates who are already old in the art of pluck can have no sort of chance with the new examinations. A good deal will no doubt depend upon the sort of papers set by the first batch of examiners, to whom the interpretation of some of the new regulations will fall, but no matter how simple the examination may be, the addition of ever so much Euclid, and special papers in Latin and Greek accidence, must overload many members of the heavy teams now under the various coaches' manipulation. It may safely be assumed that little-go reading parties will be more serious affairs than usual this summer.

Open scholarship examinations have wound up the work of the term in some of the colleges. Even the most conservative societies have at length given in, and advertise their scholarships like the rest of the collegiate world, doing so, however, with many private protests. The drove of men who come up from schools and private tutors to try at one college after another is by this time tolerably well sifted, one or two dropping out at every examination on proof of the utter hopelessness of their trying any more, and two or three being eliminated by election to scholarships. Masters of schools send up boys who candidly confess that they do not know much about either classics or mathematics, but think they might as well make a shot or two to see if they can get anything, the parents of the boys being probably more in fault than the schoolmasters. Other candidates succeed in getting a small scholarship at an early trial, and then go in for the examinations at two or three other colleges, in the hope of getting something better. Others carry off a scholarship with which they are not satisfied, and quietly go back to school for a year to train themselves for a more successful attempt next summer, thus depriving the highest of the non-successful men below them of the scholarship which would otherwise have fallen to their share. The whole system is one of sale and purchase of a rather low order, and a good many of the purchases made are very dear indeed. Several of the candidates meditate Indian appointments, and do not intend to take University honours eventually; they merely desire to secure the £50, or whatever

it may be, for a year or a year and a half, and will then past off without a degree to India, having got as much good as they can out of the college, but having added nothing to its reputation, and regarding it only as a useful sort of moneys bag, which may be conveniently squeezed, with the unpleasant drawbacks of chapels and lectures and gates attached to it. A good many colleges sigh for the good old times, when they did not buy men dear at £50 or £60 a head per annum, with or without rooms.

The first day of the Marylebone match was a great blow to such sanguine Cambridge men as had hoped good things from the young material of our eleven. Nine men out for twenty-four runs and four leg byes, against a score of 224 made by Marylebone, is a severe commentary upon the expectations that had been formed. The greatest hit the University made was for three, and the fortunate gentleman who made it succumbed after the unwonted effort and made no further score. The only gentlemen who showed in any sort of form, two in number, ran up eleven runs between them, and then retired before Wootton's persuasive bowling. The University was not without its temporary periods of hope, for Mr. Weighell disposed of the second, third, and fourth adversaries' wickets in one triumphant over, bowling them all fairly down; and at a later period of the game, while yet no very overwhelming score had been put upon the register, Mr. Absalom procured in one over the retirement of Mr. R. D. Walker and of the arch-enemy Wootton, the latter of whom some anticipatory Nemesis allowed to make no runs at all. It speaks volumes for the strength of the bowling on one side and the weakness of the hitting on the other that Grundy wound up the day with nine maiden overs, and the other twenty-four overs, all of which Wootton and he bowled, averaged one run each off the bat. The time consumed in making the twenty-four runs gave an average of three minutes and a third for each run, at which rate the Marylebone innings would have lasted eleven hours and a half instead of being over at a quarter past five.

The Senate disposed of the question of the capitation tax very summarily, and it has been made law by a large majority that for the future every member of the University shall pay seventeen shillings a year in lieu of all payments hitherto made for the various purposes for which the chest is called upon to provide funds. The position of the library will for the present be much improved, to the extent of £900 a year. This is effected by relieving the library fund of the charges for building, charges which might have gone on for a large number of years. The annual income of the library is besides now made independent of the fluctuations which may take place in the number of members of the University, and this is a matter of much importance in the face of a European war and a commercial crisis, two elements which must diminish our numbers considerably, or rather check the present rapid rate of increase. The large majority which carried the proposed arrangement is to be in some measure attributed to the two broadsheets of the Master of St. Peter's, who entered the lists with much courtesy and success. The Registry's broadsheets, advocating the other side of the question, were pithy, and in some points unanswerable, but the scheme was accepted nevertheless. Probably the chief ground of its acceptance was, not that it was well drawn up as regarded facts, or admirable in itself, for it could scarcely be said to be either, but because members of the Senate were persuaded that it was an improvement upon the old state of things. While writing on this subject, it may be well to state the increase in the receipts of books by the library in the last forty years, taking a sample year here and there:—

1825.	Vols.	1826.	Vols.
Stationers' Hall	621	Stationers' Hall	300
Purchase	258	Purchase	954
Librarian	96	Librarian	1,263
Total	975	Total	2,517
1845.		1846.	
By copyright	816	By copyright	1,048
By purchase	486	By purchase	387
Total	1,302	Total	1,435
1865. By copyright	12,142		
By purchase	2,401		
By exchange	1,139		
Donations	250		
Total	15,932		

The official statement lately put forth by the Librarian, to the effect that the binding of the old library has been neglected since the year 1715, is not in due accordance with all that is

went to be said of the enlightened reign of the Hanoverian line. The fact is indisputable that 60,000 volumes require to be rebound, at an average cost of from three to four shillings a piece. As a specimen of the old binding, one specimen out of very many, a quarto of 1596 is lettered "Hisclad," from which title no process of divination short of Daniel's can make out the true title of the book, "Daniel, his Chaldie visions." It is found, too, now that the numerous series of home and foreign "Transactions" are being catalogued, that a great proportion of them are defective, and the difficulty of supplying odd back numbers of philosophical and scientific periodicals is too well known to require comment. The present librarian, at any rate, will not allow such deficiencies to arise during his tenure of office, so far as the deficiencies are due to the neglect of publishers who are bound to supply the parts as they come out. Over downright dishonesty and theft no librarian in the world can exercise absolute control, so long as the whole mass of members of the University of all ages and all tastes are allowed to run wild among the rooms of the library, and take down any books they please.

The new museums have become possessed of a whale nearly seventy feet long. The Elector's remark, when he was urged to pursue and capture the flying emperor, "We have no cage for such a bird," would have told fatally against this valuable acquisition a year or two ago.

THE "LONDON REVIEW" IRISH CHURCH COMMISSION.

No. XXIV.—DIOCESE OF WATERFORD—THE OLD CATHEDRAL—THE PRESENT CHURCH—THE BISHOP'S PALACE—THE DIOCESE OF LISMORE—STATISTICS—CASHEL AND EMLY—TABULAR VIEWS OF WORK AND INCOME FOR FOUR DIOCESES—CURE OF SOULS AT £7. 10s. A HEAD—PAUCITY OF CURATES—MULTIPLICATION OF POOR LIVINGS—WHOLESALE ORDINATION OF LITURATES—A MEMBER OF THE SWELL MOB IN HOLY ORDERS—BISHOP DALY'S FAVOURITES—CLERICAL ABSENTEES—DEPLORABLE STATE OF THE UNITED DIOCESES—BAD BISHOPS THE WORST ENEMIES OF THE CHURCH.

THE Protestant Cathedral of Waterford has very little of the cathedral style about it. It is like a good large old parish church in a third-rate English town. The nave is simply a square entrance-hall, under the tower, with some monuments on the walls. The chancel and aisles are all pewed, the galleries being supported by square pillars, on which rest round pillars supporting the roof, with stucco capitals; the ceiling is richly ornamented, and the church altogether is commodious and cheerful. It is quite evident that those by whom the internal arrangements were planned were not High Churchmen; for nothing could be more offensive to the taste of such men than the way in which the altar is overshadowed by an immense pulpit and reading-desk, standing right in front of it and obstructing the view of the worshippers. For this elevation of the pulpit above the altar there is, however, some compensation to High Anglicans in a large "glory" over the Communion-table, with I. N. R. I. in golden letters, and above it an arch or canopy, supported by handsome pillars. To the right of the pulpit is the Bishop's throne, under a canopy.

The old cathedral, or rather the oldest part of the first cathedral of Waterford was built in 1096, by the Ostmen, on their conversion from Paganism; and about two centuries later it was endowed by King John, a dean and chapter having been appointed under the sanction of Innocent III. Endowments of various kinds had accumulated from age to age till the Reformation, when the old altars were thrown down and the ornaments defaced. During the rebellions and wars that followed, its most costly treasures were carried away, with the brass ornaments of the tombs, the great standing pelican which supported the Bible, the immense candlesticks, six or seven feet high, the great brazen font, which was ascended by three stairs, made of solid brass, and various gold and silver-gilt vessels. In 1773 the dean and chapter pronounced the old building so much decayed as to be unsafe for public worship, and unfortunately resolved that the whole pile should be taken down and replaced by a new edifice. Out of the materials of its Gothic arches, its pointed windows, and its massive walls, was constructed the present light and beautiful building, entirely in the modern style. The total length is 170 feet, and its breadth 58 feet. On each side of the grand entrance

are the vestry and the consistorial court, over which are apartments for a library. There is a lofty, ornamented steeple rising from the same end. In 1815 an accidental fire broke out in the organ-loft, destroying the ceiling of the church, most of the woodwork, and also a magnificent organ, which, thirty-five years before, had cost £1,200. Three years after, the church was fully repaired, and restored to its original beauty.

There are two other churches in Waterford—St. Olave's, which is very ancient, situated near the cathedral, and St. Patrick's, which stands on elevated ground to the west of the city. There is also a quiet church at the opposite side of the river, near the ferry. The bishop's palace is a substantial, handsome building of hewn stone, the front towards the Mall being ornamented with a fine Doric portico and enriched cornice. It is situated in the immediate vicinity of the cathedral, and as it is in the heart of the city, only a small plot of ground belongs to it; the see lands, however, comprise 8,000 acres. The chapter consists of a dean, precentor, chancellor, treasurer, and archdeacon. But, strange to say, there is no choral service. Divine worship is conducted exactly as in the plainest rural church, with not the least attempt at chaunting or singing the responses. In fact, Protestantism appears in this cathedral as plain and bald as the most Puritan worshippers could desire, shorn of everything like ornament, with no beauty in its form and no music in its voice, relying altogether on the simple power of the Gospel,—which, I believe, is faithfully preached by the clergy connected with the place, though I had no opportunity of judging for myself; for when I was there, the pulpit was occupied by the handsome and fluent travelling secretary of the Jews' Society, the Rev. Mr. Brennan. The corps of the deanery of Waterford, which is in the gift of the Crown, consists of the parishes of Trinity Within and Without, St. Michael and St. Olave, the rectory of Kilcarragh, and parts of Kilburn, Kilmeaden, and Reisk. There are two glebes in the union, one of 17 acres and another of 317. St. Olave's Church was built in 1734, and is remarkable for its pulpit and the bishop's throne, which are composed of black oak, handsomely carved.

The diocese of Waterford itself is but small, the number of benefices being only twelve, and the net income of the clergy £2,635. The total population is 43,506, of which 2,943 belong to the Established Church and 39,472 to the Roman Catholic Church. Thus the proportions are nearly fourteen to one. The great majority of the Protestant population reside in the city. The benefice of Killoteran has ten members of the Church; and the chancellorship of Waterford, with four parishes, has seventeen.

The diocese of Lismore is vastly more extensive than that of Waterford, the area being 573,803 acres to 66,875. The total population of this diocese is 145,265, of which 4,775 belong to the Established and 139,769 to the Roman Catholic Church, so that the proportion is about thirty-four to one. The total population of the diocese of Cashel is 121,011, of which 4,721 are members of the Established Church, and 114,831 Roman Catholics, the latter being in the proportion of about twenty-eight to one. The total population of Emly is 62,196, of which 1,414 are members of the Established Church, and 60,707 Roman Catholics, or about one to sixty. The total number of Protestants in the four dioceses subject to the authority of Bishop Daly is 13,653, while the Roman Catholics are 354,779, the proportion being one member of the Established Church to twenty-six Roman Catholics. It is to be remarked that in these dioceses the Established Church is almost exclusively the Church of the gentry, and the Roman Catholic Church the Church of the working classes and the poor. For the religious wants of the 354,779 comparatively poor Roman Catholics no provision is made by the State. For the spiritual benefit of the 13,653 comparatively wealthy Protestants the following provision is made:—there is one bishop, with a net income of £4,402; there are four deans, four archdeacons, and four cathedral staffs. There are in Cashel forty-two beneficed clergymen, with a net income of £13,499. There are in Emly twenty-nine beneficed clergymen, with a net income of £5,595. There are in Waterford twelve beneficed clergymen, with a net income of £2,635. There are in Lismore fifty-two beneficed clergymen, with a net income of £9,542. Thus we have 135 beneficed clergymen receiving annually revenue amounting to £31,271, free of all charges, for ministering to the spiritual wants of 13,653 Protestants of all ages, which gives to each clergyman an annual income of £236, and an average congregation of 101 persons, including infants, or £2. 7s. 3d. per annum a head.

But these figures only partially reveal the anomalies of the present system. From the returns to an order of the House of Commons, obtained by Captain Stacpole in 1864, I have

constructed the following tables, giving in the first column the name of the benefice, in the second the number of parishes composing it, in the third the number of members of the Established Church which the parish or union contains, in the fourth the amount of net income enjoyed by the incumbents, and in the fifth the total population.

CASHEL AND EMLY.

Name of Benefice.	No. of Parishes.	No. of Members of Established Church.	Net Income.	Total Population.
Knockgraffon	2	40	£576	1,842
Clonoulty	1	42	281	2,139
Athassel	3	107	541	3,345
Fethard	7	192	985	5,972
Kilvennon	1	62	368	3,092
Killenaule	8	155	762	4,893
Prebend of Fermor	1	61	340	1,281
„ Kilbragh	2	50	373	—
Moyne	2	41	364	1,451
Thurles	4	207	823	7,577
Templerece	1	9	156	802
Glankeen	1	52	369	3,859
Prebend of Killandry	1	7	291	963
Cullen	4	50	372	3,778
Archdeaconry of Emlý	3	14	346	—
St. John's Newport	3	90	606	5,836
Kilmastulla	2	53	554	2,611
Chantorship of Emlý	3	35	331	—
Ballinlondry	2	28	310	4,328
Kilbehenny	1	16	299	2,348
Emlý	1	31	119	2,551
Cahirorney	2	2	66	1,131
Aney	7	30	398	7,076
Total.....	23	62	1,374	£9,630 66,875

From this table it appears that there are twenty-three incumbents in the diocese of Cashel and Emlý, who receive annually the sum of £9,630 for ministering to 1,374 members of the Established Church. The subjoined is a similar table for Waterford and Lismore:—

WATERFORD AND LISMORE.

Name of Benefice.	No. of Parishes.	No. of Members of Established Church.	Net Income.	Total Population.
Killoteran	1	10	£116	417
Ballynakill	4	94	182	2,054
Affane	2	93	234	3,505
Modeligo	2	6	135	1,481
Ardmore	2	85	458	4,978
Templemichael	2	65	237	2,071
Lisgenaul	1	13	149	1,223
Rossmore	2	18	183	2,376
Fenough	1	12	145	782
Prebend of Mora	1	3	193	414
Mothel	1	27	465	4,342
Kilsheelan	1	21	186	1,435
Derrygrath	1	13	254	757
Lisronagh	1	9	195	519
Outragh	2	10	197	537
Tubrid	3	21	400	4,692
Templetenny	1	3	139	3,967
Ardfinan	3	42	247	1,320
Total.....	18	31	544	£4,115 36,870

From this table it appears that there are in the united diocese of Waterford and Lismore 18 incumbents ministering to 544 members of the Established Church, for which they receive annually the sum of £4,115. The previous table for Cashel and Emlý shows that the average income of each incumbent is £239. 6s. 2d. The average number of church members, including children for each benefice, is seventy-eight, the annual cost per head being £3. 1s. 2½d, or at the rate of £15. 6s. 0½d. for each family. The results for Waterford and Lismore are still more astounding. In 18 benefices the number of members of the Established Church of all ages is only 544, while the total amount of revenue is £4,115, giving to each incumbent an annual income of £228. 12s. for ministering to thirty souls, which is something over £7. 10s. per head, or £37. 10s. per family. In the former united diocese the proportion of Protestants to the whole population is 1 to 20½, and in the latter 1 to 48½.

In looking through the clerical lists given in the "Irish Church Directory" for the four united dioceses ruled by Bishop Daly, I notice a surprising paucity of curates. In the diocese of Waterford there are only four, two of whom are set down twice each for different parishes, the Rev. John Derenzy and

the Rev. Thomas Gimlette, the latter gentleman being also classed among the incumbents for the Crown living of Kildaran. Two of the curacies are marked vacant. If they were filled up, there would be only six curates in the whole diocese of Waterford. In the diocese of Lismore, with fifty-three benefices, extending over a vast territory, there are only twenty-seven curates, of whom four or five do duty each in two parishes. In the diocese of Cashel and Emlý, with seventy-five benefices, there are but thirty-five curates. Of these ten do duty in two parishes each, and one, the Rev. Richard Toppin, who must be almost a ubiquitous individual, is curate of three parishes, and incumbent of a fourth. How he manages to do duty in the four parishes is a matter which, no doubt, the bishop is able to explain. Another of the curates, the Rev. John Swayne, A.M., is also incumbent of two distinct parishes, Megorban and Loughmo, so that he has to do duty in three places. The other incumbents, who are also curates, are the Rev. G. Peacocke, the Rev. M. L. Apjohn, and the Rev. W. Baker. The number of "suspended" livings in these dioceses is also very large: ten in Cashel, eight in Emlý, six in Waterford, and six in Lismore—thirty altogether. The process of suspension results from the absence of divine worship, and this in the majority of cases from the want of worshippers. If this principle of retrenchment, as applied to the parochial system, be a sound one, it is plain from the foregoing tables that it might be carried a great deal farther, and that a very large amount of church property now running to waste might thus be saved for districts where there are Protestants to be instructed, and ministers ill paid.

"Let me have men about me that are fat!" exclaimed Julius Caesar. The Bishop of Cashel, it would seem, reverses the motto, and says, "Let me have men about me that are lean." But the lean men whom he loves to have about him are not those who think too much, but those who think very little, or not at all, in a sense different from his own way of thinking. Instead of availing himself of the power which the law gives, through the Lord Lieutenant and the Privy Council, of grouping together small livings and forming good centres of Protestantism, thus affording each incumbent a position of independence and social influence as a country gentleman, with curates to do the duty in remote stations, his policy has been to dissolve existing unions and split them up into the smallest possible incumbencies, not capable of supporting a family respectably, to which he appoints a number of poor struggling ministers, and by these means he multiplies an impoverished clergy, lowering thereby immensely the social status of the Established Church in those districts. As soon as a union becomes vacant, the Bishop takes the train to Dublin, hurries to the Castle and gets the Order in Council, by which he has at his disposal two, three, or four livings, instead of one, and the whole thing is done before his clergy know anything about it. In this manner he enlarges vastly the field of his patronage, and multiplies the number of incumbents of small mental calibre in his diocese. Like Continental despots, his policy appears to be to break down everything that would be likely to resist his own absolute domination. There are eighty-three livings in the gift of this Bishop, some of them of great value—an amount of patronage which, with the exception of Armagh, is about the greatest in Ireland. There are, however, in the united diocese nearly seventy parishes without curates; yet, with so many prizes, Bishop Daly seems to have found the greatest difficulty in obtaining men of education and independence of mind to take service in the Church under his authority. Perhaps he does not want to have such men in the diocese. This might be inferred from the proofs he has always given of domineering temper, to which no educated man of independence would submit if he could possibly avoid such degrading servitude, so utterly repugnant to the spirit of Protestantism. Hence, in order to fill vacancies, his lordship has been driven to the necessity of ordaining men without an academic education; and, as a matter of fact, he has "laid hands suddenly" on more "literates" than all the other Irish bishops put together. Some of these rough-and-ready candidates for holy orders were from the army, some from the counting-house desk, some from the apothecaries' shop, some from the ranks of lay preachers of various dissenting sects—to which they again returned—some from the Metropolitan Hall in Dublin, some returned emigrants, and one a member of the swell mob. The history of the last case is quite a romance of imposture. By forged testimonials, a loud profession of unctuous piety, and fawning manners, the accomplished reprobate persuaded Bishop Daly to ordain him. After plying his original trade for some time under the clerical mask, he went to England, and by the same arts, that is, by forging testimonials and making lying professions, he imposed on a

number of clergymen, and got into the most respectable social circles, in each of which he went on ordering goods and borrowing money till he was found out. Then he absconded, but turned up very soon again in a new sphere, with a fresh batch of testimonials. At last he was informed on by an old accomplice, while officiating as curate of a fashionable church in London. Most of the literates have left the diocese soon after their ordination, to escape the reproach arising from their antecedents, in the hope of getting a better social position where those antecedents were unknown; but some few were made permanent by great promotion, while the ablest and most learned men in the diocese, who prepared for their profession by a costly university education, have been sent by the present bishop into the remotest parishes, and to minister to the smallest congregations. The more prominent positions, and the larger fields for usefulness, at his lordship's disposal, are occupied by men of no ability or standing. Some of these were followers and admirers connected with the bishop in the county of Wicklow—from which favoured locality have been promoted, over the heads of the working clergy of the diocese, gentlemen named Drought, Ormsby, Foote, Wynne, and Madden, who have obtained valuable preferments. The last has been appointed to the important position of Templemore, worth £700 a year, where, I am told, the people have been alienated from the parish church, in consequence of which a number of them have formed a congregation recently in connection with the Presbyterian body. The parishioners have sent memorials to the bishop; but the only effect has been the conferring of new dignities upon Mr. Madden, who was brought in his old age to be promoted over the heads of the clergy who have borne the burden and heat of the day, for no reason that they can imagine, except that the bishop is the godfather of his wife, and that he imitates his lordship in the pulpit, even in the peculiarity of his delivery, arising from natural defects. In the case of these clerical immigrants from Wicklow it is said that the bishop considerably departs from his usual disastrous practice of dividing the living into fragments, and creating miserable benefices without parishioners. For the Ormsbys, Maddens, Footes, &c., he preserves unions worth from £700 to £1,000 a year.

In the returns ordered by the House of Commons in 1864, we find that there are twenty-three incumbents in these united dioceses holding important and well-paid benefices, "non-resident by consent of the bishop." I learn that to this number may now be added the incumbents of Moyne, Ballybrood, Kilwatermory, Newcastle, Rathronan, and others. Some of these clergymen are travelling on the Continent, some serving curacies in the county Louth, some in England, some twenty miles distant from their own parishes in the diocese itself, some managing farms, and engaged as land agents, and some whose occupation is not known, nor even their address in the parishes from which they derive their income.

Thus, then, we find this united diocese to a great extent a mass of glaring abuses; and it is hard to avoid agreeing with those clergy who regard the bishop under whose administration they exist as inflicting more grievous damage on the Irish Church and on the cause of Protestantism than all those who attack the Establishment, either in Parliament or the press. If there be sincere Protestants who hold that it is sacrilege to lay a reforming hand upon this system, in order to bring it into something like harmony with the principles of common honesty, not to speak of Christian truth and equity, they are persons upon whom argument would be wasted.

THE DIOCESE OF FERNS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—In your paper of May 26th there are some important mistakes as to matters connected with Gorey Church, in the diocese of Ferns, when the Rev. F. J. Kirk was curate of the parish, viz.:—The pulpit and reading-desk never gave place to a lectern. The Communion-table was not changed into an altar. The service never was restored. And, lastly, Mr. Hick never held a living in England which he resigned on joining the Church of Rome.

I think the life and memory of such a man as Denis Browne might have sheltered his family, with any one of nice feeling, and saved his widow and daughters from being brought before the public as "the dragons." I, with many other of the clergy of the Irish Church, owe much to the counsels and example of that good man, who shone as brightly in his family circle as in the Church of God. Denis Browne was, I believe, a most systematic man, even in the arrangement of his charities, and never required to be guarded and hindered in these matters, as your reporter insinuates.—Yours obediently,

J. MEADE HOBSON,

June 12, 1866. Rector of Maryborough.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE British Institution is becoming a great deal too British to be agreeable to lovers of the "old masters." It was quite British enough for some years past in those annual sweepings of the studios which are collected as the first-fruits of the Fine-Arts' season, and offered as specimens of British art. We have often had to point out, though it was unfortunately only too obvious, how every artist of repute had gradually dropped off from the Exhibition as a thing decidedly to be avoided, lest his name should be contaminated by the gross heap of commonplace, vulgar pictures. The last Exhibition of modern works was perhaps the very worst that has ever been seen, so that we may hope indeed that the tide will turn. These displays could only be considered as a scandal against the real fame of British art, and as having no reference to the promotion of the Fine Arts in Great Britain, beyond encouraging the national propensity to making money by pictures as well as every other kind of commodity. If this be the object of the Institution, its Directors are fulfilling it in all conscience. But they have another line in which one would have supposed it was easier to maintain an unswerving course, and that was the collecting for exhibition some of the numerous fine examples of the old masters of the great Italian schools of art, of the Dutch, German, and Spanish painters which abound in the private galleries of our old and wealthy aristocracy. We wish it could be said that the Directors have willingly, and to the best of their power, fulfilled this part of their undertaking; but so far as we have observed the exhibitions for some years past, there has been but little exercise of energy and taste, and small public spirit displayed in the *omnium gatherum*, garnished with two or three gems, which have been got together of late. It is difficult to believe that the possessors are loath to lend when we see such an immense collection of pictures of family portraits of all the great houses in the land at the South Kensington, besides a vast museum full of the most costly and fragile works of art. It is much more likely that the British Institution, like the Royal Academy, wants a little young blood to make it march with the times. Instead of this, however, we have in the Exhibition just now opened a step retrograde; for the great old masters have been displaced for the sake of exalting a painter who plundered them unmercifully, and while he speechified and wrote in big phrases over their sublime beauties, had not the sense to keep himself from his vain attempts, not only imitating their manner, but adopting their compositions.

There are no less than twenty-two pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the present Exhibition, and one of his most pretentious and vapid plagiarisms—a huge St. Cecilia portrait of Mrs. Weddell—with two full-lengths, a fifth Beaufort, and another Westmorland, occupy the end of the principal room, and give the gallery a true British character, which must be most satisfactory to noble patrons of the Institution. Last year Sir Joshua was beatified by being placed simply among the mighty spirits; this year his worshippers canonized him by placing him at their head. There is one, however, not very great among the Romans who will turn up his nose at the intruder, and that is Domenichino, from whom Sir Joshua borrowed his St. Cecilia. This picture, however, enables us to see to what lengths this miserable assumption of Sir Joshua and his time did go. If a pretty public singer had turned the heads of the men about town, she was to be painted as St. Cecilia, with all the stale attributes and all the art that could be stolen from Domenichino, as often and as fast as Sir Joshua and his drapery men and hand-and-arm painters could despatch the pictures. Sheridan's pretty runaway bride was painted as St. Cecilia, Sir Joshua moderately telling him he valued the picture at 500 guineas, but would only charge him 150 for it. Mr. Billington, the singer, was another saint, painted in a choir of fluttering angels—a picture now in New York, belonging to Colonel Lennox. Romney's picture of Lady Hamilton as St. Cecilia, exhibited last year, showed that same silly fashion of the time, though it was a far better picture than this ill-coloured work of Sir Joshua's, which comes from the gallery of Wynnstay, and, like the other pictures by Sir Joshua lent by Lord Crewe, escaped the flames that so nearly destroyed the halls of the Wynns and the Crewes. Sir Joshua really had power as a portrait painter, although there is no work in this Exhibition which quite shows him at his best in every respect. The picture of Lady Crewe and Lady Robert Spencer (126) is another instance of the kind of plagiarism which was then considered to be rather "the correct thing" than otherwise at the Academy. Sir Joshua paints these two ladies before a tomb, from a sketch in his Roman note-book, taken from a picture by Guercino; and Angelica Kauffman, R.A., had carried the practice much further a few years before, by painting an imitation of the same work as Guercino, calling her picture, with the sickly sentimentality of the painter, "a shepherd and shepherdess of Arcadia moralizing at the side of a sepulchre, while others are dancing at a distance." Mr. Tom Taylor does not shrink from pointing out these weaknesses in his Life of Sir Joshua, which, in fact, reminds us of them. In these portraits the carnations have flown from the faces of the ladies, who though beautifully drawn appear like lovely pensive ghosts. The same pale colour is seen in the portrait of Kitty Fisher (107), or, at least, that which has long been so named, though a writer in the *Times* challenges its authenticity on the strength of a print of the picture as Miss Woods, painted by Cosway. The print is curious, and it is not impossible that Sir Joshua may have so

admired his "pose" of Miss Kitty with her doves, one nestling in her lap, the other perched on the sofa-back, the very picture of snaky innocence, that he adopted it as a becoming attitude and treatment even for a young lady who was not the most noted *traviata* of the day, and did not get through a thousand pounds a month. Above the "Kitty Fisher" is Sir Joshua's portrait of Martin Crewe as the young King Henry VIII. in the picture by Holbein, one of the best examples of Reynolds's perception of the natural grace of childhood. There are other pictures in the exhibition that should be looked at for this quality, especially (110) a child in a black hood with a basket on her arm, from Lord Crewe's; (162) the Duchess of Beaufort when a child, from the Duke of Beaufort's gallery; and the large family picture (178) of Lady Williams Wynn, dressed in a white satin fancy dress, and reclining upon cushions as a sultana, admiring the group of her children playing in the garden. In the portrait (118), Mary Isabella, Duchess of Rutland, a picture which belongs to the Duke of Beaufort, Reynolds has attempted both the style and the colour of Rubens. The lady was a great beauty, of the red and white type, and she is represented in her widowhood, with books on the table, and an open window looking upon the sea, the face relieved against a scarlet curtain of rather too extensive and gorgeous spread. It is this abominable taste for display that spoils a portrait otherwise very powerfully painted and in fine colour. But Sir Joshua was a very incomplete thinker in his art, and rarely gave himself the trouble, if he had the time, to carry out a perfect work. The treatment of this picture is most incongruous, it can only be excused as a bravura of the painter's in making his flesh-tints stand against a scarlet curtain, when he should have thought of giving a subdued tone over his picture, in which the beauty of the sorrowing lady would have been the more striking and interesting. There is one more picture of Sir Joshua's which serves to complete our estimate of him in his capacity of imitator—this is the "Tribute-money," after Rembrandt (152), also from Lord Crewe's gallery. Enough, however, of Sir Joshua; and we can only regret that the mistake has been made of bringing him from the honest retirement of the room where the deceased British painters have hitherto been permitted to rest.

Gainsborough is not so well represented as usual; there is only one portrait—that of Lady Margaret Fordyce—which at all shows him the rival of Sir Joshua. The portrait of Anne Horton, who afterwards became Duchess of Cumberland, will be regarded with some interest, but not as a work of art. The landscapes by old Crome, a painter whose merit was not recognised in his own day, have much in them of the kind of beauty we see in Cuyp and other painters of Dutch landscape. There is one by Richard Wilson, contributed by Mr. Fordham, and another from the Duke of Newcastle's collection, which, like those by Crome, have so much that is true to nature that the work of a neglected painter serves to show us how shallow and affected was the taste of the day that could overlook these men and so beslobber many empty pretenders with academic honours. Much as we can admire Crome and Wilson, however, there can be no hesitation in congratulating our modern landscape painters on such works as the two fine pictures by David Roberts—"Palmyra" (177) and "Rouen Cathedral" (181), while even the borrowed style of Sir Charles Eastlake's large landscape with Greek ruins—"Byron's Dream" (121)—must be felt to be an advance upon the sort of commodity that passed as landscapes before his time. The examples of Newton do not offer much for the English school to be proud of; indeed he was, like West, a sort of American. But by far the most creditable work of English art is the beautiful Virgin and Child by the late A. Dyce, R.A. Notwithstanding it is in emulation of the old Italian style and manner, it is a work of exquisite feeling, and well painted. This is from the collection of Mr. G. E. Seymour.

The real interest of the Exhibition, for those who know the great painters, will be found in the few Italian pictures that have been added to the somewhat indiscriminate collection. Lord Overstone's portrait, attributed to Masaccio (66), is a very noble work, though it has more the character of Morone, or some painter later than Masaccio. The Angel (37), a small work, also bearing the great name of Masaccio, which Lord Somers contributes, is a most interesting picture, probably not so early in date as Masaccio. The same opinion we should be disposed to give of the equally interesting little panel of Three Saints (40), which is lent by the Duke of Newcastle. The example of Gentile Fabriano, a rather rare painter of the early Venetian School, comes from Lord Somers's collection, and is also entitled to notice as a work having every character of the painter. The most satisfactory examples known as possessing all the decided characteristics of the painters, are the large Sebastian del Piombo (64), "The Salutation," which belongs to Mrs. C. Robertson, and Mr. Phillip Howard's very beautiful "St. Catherine with Angels," by Luini (57), the great follower of Leonardo, whose pictures have often borne his master's name. The head of the saint has the peculiar sweet smile of holy and innocent content which distinguishes many of the heads of Leonardo. There is a good portrait of John of Bologna, the celebrated sculptor, by Moretto (56), contributed by Sir Coutts Lindsay, and a "Knight with his Attendant," by Paris Bordone, which belongs to Lord Somers. The Raphael "Holy Family," which comes from the gallery of Lord Heytesbury, has no resemblance to that great master in the colouring, though in form the picture may be said to have a truly family likeness to Raphael's work.

The Dutch and Flemish schools are represented by one splendid head by Rembrandt—a gentleman in black hat and rich lace collar,

which is lent by Lord Lindsay; a subject-picture by Cuyp—Philip Baptizing the Eunuch, in which all the figures but Philip are negroes, and one or two good landscapes by Ruysdael. By Morales, the so-called "divine" painter of the Spanish school, there is an excellent specimen contributed by Mr. D. Tupper. A remarkable miniature, by Janet, of Francis I., is a picture which should not be overlooked for its great perfection of work, in the style of Holbein. There are some few other pictures which might be named, but we have indicated those which will be found to have the greatest interest in an exhibition which is certainly by no means what it should be.

MUSIC.

THE great and sudden popularity which Gounod has acquired during the last few years by his opera of "Faust," has had the inevitable result of directing attention to his other works. Thus we have had his operas "Le Medecin malgré lui" ("The Mock Doctor"); "La Reine de Saba," in a concert-room performance at the Crystal Palace, under the title of "Irene"; two of his orchestral symphonies, his oratorio or sacred drama of "Tobias," and lastly his music to the "Ulysse" of M. Ponsard. This last-named work of M. Gounod (originally produced at Paris, in 1852) was given here on Friday week, at a concert for the benefit of the Hospital for Consumption; the text translated by Mr. Farnie, and the portions connecting the musical pieces declaimed by Miss Helen Faucit. We have on several occasions expressed our belief that Gounod has attained his greatest possible height in his "Faust"—a persuasion that is confirmed by every subsequent hearing of his other works. In his music to "Ulysses" there are occasional passages that remind one of the refined grace and dreamy beauty which pervade his "Faust;" but there is scarcely a trace of the dramatic expression and warmth of style which that work occasionally evinces—while in no other instance is Gounod's want of variety, both of melodic phrase and harmonic treatment, more largely manifested than in "Ulysses." Hence, but one or two of the twelve or fourteen numbers of which the work consists produce any marked effect; the impression at the close of the whole being one of weariness. Among the best pieces is the first chorus of False Handmaidens—a graceful two-part melody, with delicately scored accompaniment. Equally good is the second chorus of the same characters. The song for Phemius, with chorus, is forced and laboured in the attempt to infuse a bacchanalian character. In the chorus, "Lo! the slain," the dirge-like strain for the voices is contrasted with fugal imitations in the orchestral accompaniments; but these are inartificially conducted, and serve to prove what we have already said of Gounod's want of a solid basis of contrapuntal skill, such as nearly all the greatest masters have possessed. That Gounod is a cultivated musician, a conscientious artist, and possessing a style of great charm, and even some dramatic force, the music of his "Faust," "Le Médecin," and "La Reine de Saba," sufficiently attest; but that he has powers sufficient to enable him to emulate, as he seems desirous to do, the high universality of the greatest masters, his symphonies, his church music, and especially his "Ulysses," abundantly disprove.

The seventh concert of the Philharmonic Society on Monday—announced as "by special desire"—was attended by Royalty in the persons of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, who had probably some voice in the arrangement of the following programme:—

PART I.	
Overture (Zampa)	Herold.
Quintetto, "E scherzo od è follia" (Un Ballo in Maschera), Mesdames Harriers-Wippern and Trebelli-Bettini, Signori Bettini, Bosi, and Foli	Verdi.
Aria, "Il mio tesoro" (Don Giovanni) Signor Bettini	Mozart.
Concerto (Scena Cantata) Violin, M. Wieniawski	Spohr.
Cavatina, "Nobil Signor" (Les Huguenots), Madame Trebelli-Bettini	Meyerbeer.
Overture (Leonora)	Beethoven.
PART II.	
Sinfonia Letter V.	Haydn.
Aria, "O tu la cui dolce possanza" (Fidelio), Madame Harriers-Wippern	Beethoven.
Duetto, "Un soave non so che" (Cenerentola), Madame Trebelli-Bettini and Signor Bettini	Rossini.
Wedding March (Midsummer Night's Dream)	Mendelssohn.

The selection certainly had the merit of variety and contrast, but we should have preferred Herold's pretty but flimsy overture at the end rather than the commencement of a classical concert. A butterfly compared to a giant does not offer a physical antithesis greater than the intellectual disproportion between the overture to "Zampa" and that to "Leonora." The symphony of Haydn is one of those works of genius which survive all changes of taste and style; and it is to be regretted that we do not hear more of the master's many works of this kind (he produced upwards of a hundred, more than half which number are still extant). Although Spohr's concerto requires greater breadth of style and a grander tone than M. Wieniawski possesses, we recognise a marked improvement in this performer—he has more repose than formerly, and appears to think more of the composer and less of the executant than heretofore. Neither the singers nor the vocal music call for comment beyond noticing that Signor Bettini's style is somewhat too hard for the tenderness of Mozart's exquisite aria, that Madame Harriers-Wippern has not sufficient elevation of style for Beethoven's sublime scena; and that Verdi's quintet should, with

Herold's overture, have been placed at the end instead of the beginning of the concert.

The following is the programme of the fourth concert of the Musical Society of London, which closed its season on Wednesday:—

PART I.	
Overture (Jessonda).....	Sphor.
Recit. and Air, Madame Ada Winans, "Non più di fiori" (Clemenza di Tito).....	Mozart.
Concerto, Violin, M. Wieniawski.....	Mendelssohn.
Romanza, Mr. T. Hohler, "Una furtiva lagrima" (L'Elisir d'Amore).....	Donizetti.
Overture (The Naiads).....	Sterndale Bennett.
PART II.	
Symphony in E flat.....	Schumann.
Duetto, Madame Ada Winans and Mr. T. Hohler, "Parigi o cara" (La Traviata).....	Verdi.
Overture (Jubilee).....	Weber.

Of Schumann's Symphony we have recently spoken on the occasion of its performance at one of the concerts of the new Philharmonic Society, and have only to remark that it was much better given in the present instance, although the orchestra was nearly identical on both occasions. Doubtless it was from this cause that the work produced a much greater effect than before, a result that must be largely attributable to the excellent conducting of Mr. Alfred Mellon, to whom this Society is much indebted for the general excellence of its orchestral performance. Bennett's overture likewise afforded proof of the superiority of the Society in this respect—seldom has it been heard to such advantage, the graceful passages for the stringed instruments being played with a delicacy and precision that are rare in large orchestras. In spite of its palpable reflection of Mendelssohn's style, this overture contains much to admire, and stands in strong and agreeable contrast to the coarseness and crudity of more recent English compositions. M. Wieniawski was more successful in Mendelssohn's Concerto than in his previous performance noticed above. He gave the first and last movements with untiring energy and vivacity; and at a speed which, in the finale especially, was scarcely compatible with distinct articulation of the more elaborate passages. In the slow movement he displayed greater powers of expression than we have ever yet heard from him—and his performance altogether was far beyond the merely brilliant and dazzling style in which M. Wieniawski has hitherto chiefly shone. Madame Winans was a little overtaxed in Mozart's air, which she sang with a drawling tendency that gave an effect of monotony notwithstanding the charming obligato accompaniment of Mr. Lazarus's corno-di-bassetto. Mr. Hohler, whose beautiful voice is always welcome in a concert-room, should beware of those sudden *sforzandi* by which he frequently mars the effect of some admirable cantabile singing.

Among recent miscellaneous concerts may be mentioned those of our two excellent English pianists, Mr. Cusins and Mr. J. F. Barnett. At Mr. Cusins' concert, on Friday week, that gentleman distinguished himself by his brilliant pianoforte playing in an elaborate concerto of his own composition, produced for the first time on the occasion. Mr. Barnett, on Wednesday, brought forward a new pianoforte trio, which had the advantage of being admirably performed by himself, Herr Straus (violin), and Signor Piatti (violoncello). The work is written in the grand style; being, like Mendelssohn's trios, rather a chamber concerto for the pianoforte than formed on the simpler and more *concertante* models of the older composers. It is a work of considerable merit—perhaps the best we have yet had from Mr. Barnett, not forgetting his clever orchestral symphony; and each movement made a marked impression. Mr. Barnett, in this and in various other performances during the evening, displayed very high powers as a pianist. While his execution seems to be unlimited, his phrasing is clear and his rhythm distinct, even in passages of the utmost rapidity—a merit which is sometimes wanting in players of the greatest pretensions.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

THE Theatrical Licences Committee, after examining witnesses for fourteen days, at intervals, during the last three months, concluded the evidence on Friday, June 8th, with the examination of Lord Sydney, the present Lord Chamberlain. Lord Sydney, of course, defended the administration of his office, and thought that with an increased staff, he could deal satisfactorily with any number of theatres and theatrical music halls. He stated that he was not opposed to giving music halls dramatic licenses, and in this respect was far more liberal than his subordinates, Mr. Bodham Donne and the Hon. Spencer Ponsonby. He thought that any limitation of actors to be allowed on a music-hall stage would be impracticable, and stated that the cost of regulating the French theatres amounted to £86,000 a year, but forgot to tell the Committee that French theatres are double the number of English theatres, viz., 337 to 159. The Committee will meet next Friday to determine upon their report.

SCIENCE.

M. MAREY, the distinguished inventor of the sphygmograph, an instrument to which we sometime since called attention, has just laid a very important memoir before the French Academy on the

subject of muscular contraction. In this he shows that by adopting a mode of investigation different from that of most previous observers he has obtained several curious and valuable results. His object has been to determine the number and vibrations of the voluntary muscles during contraction. To achieve this he employed an instrument called a *myograph*. This consists of a sort of forceps which embrace the limb experimented on, and one of whose legs rests upon the muscle under examination. The latter is the only moveable leg, and it is thrown into motion during the contraction of the muscle. To this there is connected the wire of a battery, and thus the muscle is caused to contract. The remainder of the *myograph* is upon the plan of the sphygmograph, and consists of a system of levers and drums, on which the register of the vibrations is traced. The tracings which accompany M. Marey's published essay (see the *Comptes Rendus*, tome LXII., No. 22) show very beautifully the nature of a muscular contraction, and the effects of fatigue upon the same. We have much satisfaction in directing the attention of medical men to the *myograph*, for we believe it will prove an instrument of immense service in the diagnosis of sundry nervous and muscular diseases.

An interesting geological discovery has been made in the Upper Wenlock shale of Dudley. Mr. L. P. Capervell has found a very perfect specimen of *Goniophyllum pyramidale* in this deposit. This is the first occasion on which this fossil has been found in British Silurian strata. The fossil has been identified by Herr Lindström, the celebrated author of the "*Zoantharia Rugosa*." The subject of the origin of valleys still produces much controversy among geologists. Already we have in the field of debate, Professor Daubeny, Mr. W. T. Aveline, Mr. T. Ashe, Mr. Poulett Scrope, Professor J. B. Jukes, and Mr. McIntosh. The discussion promises to throw much new light on the difficult problems connected with "denudation."

Among those who have recently been engaged in determining the influences which increase the production of milk by cows, we may mention M. Darnoiseau. This inquirer has proved, by several experiments, what was already currently believed—that the abundant secretion of milk is directly dependent on an equally abundant ingestion of water by the cow. Earlier researches tended to prove the opposite, but in these there was not sufficient allowance made for the water contained in certain forms of green food.

Mr. Crookes, in his report to the Royal Commissioners on the subject of the cattle plague, states that the poison is a substance like the lymph used in vaccinating children. It is not simply decomposing organic matter, as some imagine. Its germs may be carried through the air for some short distance, but this is not a favourable means of transmission. He thinks that the germs cannot propagate themselves when removed from the animal in whose blood they exist.

It has been absolutely demonstrated by the chemical investigations of M. Papillon that during the cholera the albumen of the blood undergoes important alterations. These he has given in much detail in one of the Continental journals (*Journal d'Anatomie*). One, however, of the most notable distinctions between the albumen of cholera and that of health is that the chemical reaction of one is exactly the opposite of that of the other.

The gentleman to whom the *Reader* attributed the credit of introducing the sphygmograph into English medical practice has written to the *Lancet* disclaiming the honour.

Paraffin is now being extensively employed in the preservation of meat. When flesh is first plunged into a bath of paraffin, at a temperature of 300°, and then subsequently immersed in baths of the same substance, but at lower temperatures, it remains in a state of perfect preservation for an almost unlimited period of time.

M. Berthelot, the great French chemist, has thrown out some suggestions which commend themselves to those who are anxious to find a substitute for coal. M. Berthelot thinks that carbonic acid penetrating the strata which compose the earth, and coming into contact with free alkaline metals, would form a series of *acetylurets*, and that these coming into contact with watery vapour and hydrogen, would give rise to tars and bitumens.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS. — Monday:—Mathematical, at 7.30 p.m. — Wednesday:—The Geological Society of London. 1. "On the Structure of the Red Crag." By S. V. Wood, Esq., F.G.S. 2. "On supposed Remains of Crag on the North Downs, near Folkestone." By H. W. Bristow, Esq., F.R.S., F.G.S. 3. "On the 'Warp,' of Mr. Trimmer; its age and probable connection with the latest geological events." By the Rev. O. Fisher, M.A., F.G.S. 4. "On Faults in the Drift-gravel at Hitchin, Herts." By J. W. Salter, Esq., F.G.S., A.L.S. 5. "On some Flint Implements from the Little Ouse, near Thetford." By J. W. Flower, Esq., F.G.S. 6. "On the Relations of the Tertiary Formations of the West Indies." By R. J. L. Guppy, Esq., F.G.S. 7. "Notice of New Genera of Carboniferous Glyptodipterines." By Dr. J. Young, F.G.S. 8. "On the Systematic Position of *Chondrosteus*." By Dr. J. Young, F.G.S. 9. "On the Discovery of New Gold Deposits in the districts of Esmeraldas, Ecuador." By Lieut.-Col. Neale. Communicated by the Foreign Office. 10. "On the Geology of the Pacific Coast of Ecuador." By J. S. Wilson, Esq. Communicated by Sir R. I. Murchison, Bart., K.C.B., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. 11. "On the Discovery of the Remains of *Halitherium* in the Miocene beds of Malta." By A. Leith Adams, M.B., F.G.S. 12. "On Bones of Fossil Chelonians from the Ossaferous Caves and Fissures of Malta." By A. Leith Adams, M.B., F.G.S. — Friday:—The Quekett Microscopical Society, at 8 p.m.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.*

MUCH the same faults that we observed in Mr. Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies," issued about a year ago, we perceive in these "Three Lectures on Work, Traffic, and War." Those faults were less noticeable in the more recently published "Ethics of the Dust," of which, therefore, we were enabled to speak with more unqualified praise; but the old errors and weaknesses of Mr. Ruskin's intellect are too deeply rooted to be permanently abandoned. His extraordinary powers as a writer, the singular subtlety of many of his thoughts, the radiant beauty of his language (a little inclined to excess, yet always striking and suggestive), the nobility of spirit which is frequently apparent in his opinions, and the originality of his point of view, whatever the subject may be which he is discussing, are qualities of his genius which no one will deny; but we are not on that account disposed to forgive, or to pass over in silence, the flagrant vices that disfigure and mar his works. His extravagance, his exaggeration, his waywardness, his crotchety love of paradox, his inability to see both sides of a question, or to recognise the commonest limitations which the necessities of life impose upon the demands of theory—the almost ludicrous union, in so much of his teaching, of a tone of authority with a hazy indistinctness of utterance—in a word, his fatal perversity—these are not simply literary faults, but defects of nature, which injure, and confound, and all but destroy, the good that is in him. It is really melancholy to find so much power and worthiness thrown away for want of balance and self-control. Mr. Ruskin sees a truth—sees it, up to a certain point, clearly and with passionate conviction; but, owing to some excess of fancy and emotion over reason and judgment, or some hysterical vehemence of nature, or some love of paradox for its own sake, or for the sake of startling and irritating people by violent contradiction, he fails to see, or is wilfully resolved not to see, the actual proportions of the truth, the boundaries beyond which it is limited and controlled by other truths,—and so, in nine cases out of ten, ends in making his very truth a lie, and his guidance a snare. Perhaps, in all English literature there has been no man of equal powers so wretchedly wrong-headed, with the exception of his master, Mr. Carlyle. We will not, indeed, say of him that he often commits those outrages on humanity which frequently darken and disgrace the page of his prototype; he has a tenderer and more sympathetic spirit, not seldom finding its vent in words of beauty and kindness, worthy of immortal memory; but he compromises his best elements, and intensifies his worst, by a prevalent unreasonableness, which at times it is scarcely possible to bear with. An instance of this meets us in the preface to the present work. Going down recently to the neighbourhood of Addington and Carshalton, he found that the sources of the sometime clear and pleasant streams that threaded with silvery channels that green and pleasant land had been shamefully polluted by the casting into them of rubbish and refuse. This naturally and properly moved him to anger; but, by a most fantastic freak of the imagination, he connects the laziness and indifference out of which the defilement in question arises with the bad taste evinced in a certain public-house railing in the neighbouring town of Croydon, and both with the unpardonable crime committed by Englishmen in establishing iron foundries and executing works in metal. He says that the public-house railings simply inclosed a small patch of ground in front of the lower windows, into which guarded space odds and ends of cigars, oyster-shells, &c., were thrown, and left to rot undisturbed; and that these iron bars "represented a quantity of work which would have cleansed the Carshalton pools three times over;—of work partly cramped and deadly, in the mine; partly fierce and exhaustive, at the furnace; partly foolish and sedentary, of ill-taught students making bad designs: work, from the beginning to the last fruits of it, and in all the branches of it, venomous, deathful, and miserable." And he repeats from the newspapers a story of an accident at Wolverhampton, where three men were lately killed by the bursting of a pipe at an iron foundry, owing to the gross carelessness of the persons in charge. Now, what is the object of this denunciation? Does Mr. Ruskin really mean to suggest that the three men were killed at Wolverhampton owing to the demand made by publicans for ostentatious railings to enclose dirty little bits of ground? If he does not, why does he so ingeniously, and in that case so disingenuously, connect the two circumstances? If he does mean to make such a suggestion, it is clear that he trifles with the time of his reader, for he must know as well as anyone that the iron-foundries of England do not exist, and were not created, for supplying publicans with railings, as their main object, but arose as the natural and legitimate development among an industrious people of the wealth which they find stored beneath their soil. Or will he go so far as to say that all the purposes to which iron is applied are useless and vain? If not, how can he contend that, because accidents sometimes happen in foundries (and in the instance quoted the accident need not have happened at all, had the commonest care been employed), and because the process of mining is unhappily prejudicial to health, and because foolish publicans put up foolish railings, the whole process of iron manufacture is, "from the beginning to the last fruits of it, and in all

the branches of it, venomous, deathful, and miserable"? If, on the other hand, he argues that manufactured iron is a thing wholly evil because of the collateral evils which it entails, he is bound to carry his quarrel much further, and to indict the entire scheme of Providence, because, as far as it is known to us, it allows of no good thing without its attendant shadow. He is bound by this rule to object to the baking of bread because the process is unhealthy; he is bound to denounce his favourite pastoral life because rheumatism and agues are sometimes caught in hedging and ditching, and men cut themselves with scythes and sickles, and miserable peasants starve in miserable huts on eight or nine shillings a week. If Mr. Ruskin would be content to point out specific evils, and show us how they may be amended, he might do a good work, for which posterity would thank him; for there are bad things enough in the present age to employ the lance of the doughtiest knight-errant. But, like Mr. Carlyle, he has got a craze in his brain about the age being utterly bad; and, rather than not denounce it wholesale, he will write page after page of nonsense in the received Cassandra style.

Having spoken thus frankly of what appear to us some of the grievous perversities of Mr. Ruskin's reasoning (which we do with the greater warmth because of our admiration of his genius, and of the evident goodness of nature of which his very faults are born), we have great satisfaction in expressing our agreement with much of what is contained in the first lecture, especially with what is said about the immorality, now too prevalent, of making the payment for work the chief consideration, and not the conscientious discharge of the work, and the general good resulting from it. And very true, and sad, and pertinent, are the remarks on our national sin of lending money at interest to any despot who chooses to come and borrow of us. "If your little boy," says Mr. Ruskin, "came to you to ask for money to spend in squibs and crackers, you would think twice before you gave it him; and you would have some idea that it was wasted when you saw it fly off in fireworks, even though he did no mischief with it. But the Russian children and Austrian children come to you, borrowing money, not to spend in innocent squibs, but in cartridges and bayonets to attack you in India with, and to keep down all noble life in Italy with, and to murder Polish women and children with; and that you will give at once, because they pay you interest for it. Now, in order to pay you that interest, they must tax every working peasant in their dominions; and on that work you live. You therefore at once rob the Austrian peasant, assassinate or banish the Polish peasant, and you live on the produce of the theft, and the bribe for the assassination!" Here is a real iniquity bravely smitten in the face; and we can only regret that Mr. Ruskin is not always equally reasonable.

The lecture on Traffic also contains some true and just observations, though we think that the English love of "getting on in the world," as being a form of energy, industry, and strength, is not so utterly bad and foolish as Mr. Ruskin implies, but has its good side as well as its evil. In the concluding lecture, however—that on War—Mr. Ruskin gets back again into what we must needs call his perversities. From some passages in the lecture on Traffic, it would seem that he sees as clearly as any of us the misery and horror of a state of war; yet, in addressing the young soldiers at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, he says—"I hope you love fighting for its own sake." We sincerely hope they do nothing of the sort. Whenever the sad and dire necessity for fighting arises, we do not doubt that all our soldiers, young and old, will bravely face the extremest issues; but if they love fighting "for its own sake," they will soon be at mischief, in order to indulge a passion which, considered without reference to ulterior moral ends, is simply the love of murder. Mr. Ruskin might as well, in addressing a body of young surgeons, have said he hoped they all loved amputating legs for its own sake. Both fighting and amputating legs are necessary at times; but, "for their own sakes," both are evil. Nor is it true to assert that "all the pure and noble arts of peace are founded on war." The instances quoted by Mr. Ruskin prove no such case. They merely show that a high artistic state may co-exist with a state of war, which no one denies; they do not show that art is created by war, or even fostered by war. We are reminded of ancient Greece, its arts and its arms; but it unluckily happens that the most warlike of the Greek nationalities—the one most thoroughly penetrated by the military spirit—was utterly barren of artistic productions. We refer, of course, to Sparta. Rome is another case in point: it "loved fighting for its own sake," but had no artists. Mr. Ruskin feels the force of this latter fact, and is compelled to make a very doubtful conjecture, viz., that the Roman was, at heart, "more of a farmer than a soldier." He is obliged also to admit that a nation may have the gift of fighting without the gift of art. The instances of this are indeed innumerable, and they show that there is no necessary connection between the two things, and that, if the great art nations have also been great warriors, it is because, hitherto, there has been very little peace in the world, and that in certain countries art and war have gone on side by side. But Mr. Ruskin is so much in love with his homicidal hypothesis that he thus enlarges on it:—

"The common notion that peace and the virtues of civil life flourished together, I found to be wholly untenable. Peace and the vices of civil life only flourish together. We talk of peace and learning, and of peace and plenty, and of peace and civilization; but I found that those were not the words which the Muse of History coupled together: that, on her lips, the words were—peace and sensuality, peace and selfishness, peace and corruption, peace and death. I found,

* The Crown of Wild Olive. Three Lectures on Work, Traffic, and War. By John Ruskin, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

in brief, that all great nations learned their truth of word, and strength of thought, in war; that they were nourished in war, and wasted by peace; taught by war, and deceived by peace; trained by war, and betrayed by peace;—in a word, that they were born in war, and expired in peace."

If this be so, then all the best dreams of humanity and religion are nothing better than dreams—idle, baseless, lying, and foolish; and the world is simply a shamble-house, and men are merely so many Bedlamites at large, knocking their brains out with their own shackles, and making ghastly pretence of painting fine pictures with the spilt blood, and of being very noble and generous to one another when the brains are out and the mischief is done. But it is notoriously and flagrantly false. Mr. Ruskin is never so dangerously wrong-headed as when he follows most implicitly the lead of Mr. Carlyle; and this is one of Mr. Carlyle's worst pages deliberately repeated. The vices of civilized life may flourish just as badly in a state of war as in a state of peace, and to those vices the peculiar vices of war—its cruelty, pride, rapacity, insolence, unreasonableness, and general disregard of life—are added. The most warlike nations have been among the most vicious in the world; and Mr. Ruskin is obliged to make a considerable list of exceptions from the wars he admires, and to reduce virtuous hostility to little more than the defence of one's own institutions and households from attack, even in that case requiring that the institutions shall be "noble" and the households "pure." This is all very well; but then we see that war is not the *cause* of virtue, but merely the means by which it is defended. Mr. Ruskin afterwards goes off into some very wild writing about mediæval and modern war (for, true to his instinct of always finding something peculiarly bad in the present age, he thinks war with cannons very wicked, and war with lances and battle-axes very fine); and it would appear that he would have us return to the tournament style of fighting, because your Plantagenet gentlemen only fought among themselves, without bringing "pawns" into the field—as if, when there was any real fighting to be done, they did not take their retainers with them, willy-nilly—and because "the habit of living lightly-hearted in the daily presence of death has had, and must have, a tendency both to the making and testing of honest men," whereas we know well that many of the old fighting barons were among the greatest scoundrels unhung. That all this is false in fact and in morals we well know; but the great name of Mr. Ruskin may make it pass with the sentimental, the disappointed, and the hypochondriacal.

We gladly conclude by quoting from the preface a most beautiful and touching passage, in which the writer says that those who do not believe in an after life have all the more, instead of the less, reason for dealing justly and kindly with their fellow creatures:—

"To men whose feebleness of sight, or bitterness of soul, or the offence given by the conduct of those who claim higher hope, may have rendered this painful creed the only possible one, there is an appeal to be made, more secure in its ground than any which can be addressed to happier persons. I would fain, if I might offencelessly, have spoken to them as if none others heard; and have said thus: Hear me, you dying men, who will soon be deaf for ever. For these others, at your right hand and your left, who look forward to a state of infinite existence, in which all their errors will be overruled, and all their faults forgiven; for these, who, stained and blackened in the battle-smoke of mortality, have but to dip themselves for an instant in the font of death, and to rise renewed of plumage, as a dove that is covered with silver, and her feathers like gold; for these, indeed, it may be permissible to waste their numbered moments, through faith in a future of innumerable hours; to these, in their weakness, it may be conceded that they should tamper with sin which can only bring forth fruit of righteousness, and profit by the iniquity which, one day, will be remembered no more. In them it may be no sign of hardness of heart to neglect the poor, over whom they know their Master is watching; and to leave those to perish temporarily who cannot perish eternally. But for you there is no such hope, and, therefore, no such excuse. This fate, which you ordain for the wretched, you believe to be all their inheritance; you may crush them before the moth, and they will never rise to rebuke you;—their breath, which fails for lack of food, once expiring, will never be recalled to whisper against you a word of accusing;—they and you, as you think, shall lie down together in the dust, and the worms cover you; and for them there shall be no consolation, and on you no vengeance,—only the question murmured above your grave:—'Who shall repay him what he hath done?' Is it, therefore, easier for you in your heart to inflict the sorrow for which there is no remedy? Will you take, wantonly, this little all of his life from your poor brother, and make his brief hours long to him with pain? Will you be readier to the injustice which can never be redressed; and niggardly of mercy which you can bestow but once, and which, refusing, you refuse for ever? I think better of you, even of the most selfish, than that you would do this, well understood. And for yourselves, it seems to me, the question becomes not less grave, in these curt limits. If your life were but a fever fit,—the madness of a night, whose follies were all to be forgotten in the dawn, it might matter little how you fretted away the sickly hours,—what toys you snatched at, or let fall,—what visions you followed wistfully with the deceived eyes of sleepless phrenzy. Is the earth only an hospital? Play, if you care to play, on the floor of the hospital dens. Knit its straw into what crowns please you; gather the dust of it for treasure, and die rich in that, clutching at the black notes in the air with your dying hands;—and yet, it may be well with you. But if this life be no dream, and the world no hospital; if all the peace and power and joy you can ever win, must be won now; and all fruit of victory gathered here, or never; will you still, throughout the puny totality of your life, weary yourselves in the fire of vanity? If there

is no rest which remaineth for you, is there none you might presently take? was this grass of the earth made green for your shroud only, not for your bed? and can you never lie down upon it, but only under it? The heathen, to whose creed you have returned, thought not so. They knew that life brought its contest, but they expected from it also the crown of all contest: No proud one! no jewelled circlet flaming through Heaven above the height of the unmerited throne; only some few leaves of wild olive, cool to the tired brow, through a few years of peace."

This is indeed exquisite—beautiful with a beauty beyond death, yet sharp with the pang of mortality. Why cannot Mr. Ruskin always be true to his better self?

THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.*

MR. BAKER'S work is full of interest—in parts, profoundly exciting; the pictures suggested, rather than described, are often wild in the extreme, while the narrative of personal suffering has been very seldom paralleled in the annals of travel. It must be observed, moreover, that Mr. Baker has not laboured and endured in vain, since he has discovered one of the most extraordinary lakes hitherto known to exist in Africa. Having stated thus much, which we do with the greatest pleasure, we feel bound to add that, in imagining he has solved the problem of the Nile—that is, found the spot at which its mysterious head emerges from the earth—he is cherishing a mere delusion. The source of the Nile is at this moment as little known as it was in the time of Julius Cæsar, and it almost surpasses our comprehension how a traveller so intelligent and so well-informed as Mr. Baker should fail to be conscious of this. To make use of a common expression, Mr. Baker and all other travellers in Central Africa have been simply beating about the wrong bush, while the bird they are in search of lies hidden far off in another. Yet Mr. Baker, Captain Speke, and Captain Burton, may be almost said to have touched the great river with their finger, and to have looked wistfully in the direction from which, through utterly unknown lands, it comes rolling towards the Victoria Nyanza, into which it flows in a deep flood two hundred and forty feet in breadth, and with a current of four miles an hour. This is the Nile whose source it is necessary to discover—a thing which no one has yet done or even attempted; but, until this shall be done, it will be wrong to take credit among civilized nations for having thrown light upon a subject which philosophers and conquerors have desired to illuminate in vain. Bruce, Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, have deserved well of the public by exploring new regions, and adding largely to our geographical knowledge; but, in spite of their efforts, old Nile keeps his secret still, his source being a virgin spring, of whose waters no civilized man has yet tasted. The Kitangulé rises far away towards the south-west, and its course is known to the natives for eighteen days' journey before it reaches the lake. How much farther its stream must be followed ere the lake or tarn is reached in the Blue Mountains, whose lofty summits, from the shores of the Nyanza, may be dimly discerned by the telescope in the south-west, no one can decide; but wherever this tarn may be, that is the source of the Nile. We say this under the impression that the accounts which former travellers have given are correct. There may, however, be other rivers, still larger than the Kitangulé, falling into the Victoria Nyanza, both from the east and west, and it will be necessary to trace every one of these to its well-spring before we can be said to have cleared up the mystery which for three thousand years has defied the learning, the enterprise, and the energy of man. To return, however, to the Kitangulé: after pursuing a north-easterly course for thirty-five or forty days, it falls into the Victoria Nyanza, which it traverses in part, as the Rhone does the Lake of Geneva; it then, through a gap in the rocks, breaks forth from the lake, and pushes its way through a channel honestly marked in parts with dots in the maps, to intimate that no one has followed its current the whole way. It may be assumed to be the same river which is again fallen in with farther on, and which flows into the Albert Nyanza; but beyond this the uncertainty increases. No doubt Mr. Baker was told of a stream which issued from the lake, and this stream he fairly enough infers to be the White Nile; but before anything is positively stated about that river, much research and investigation will be needed. If Great Britain should think it worth while, the only plan for ensuring success would be to appoint a commission of travellers—ethnologists, geographers, geologists, botanists, photographers—who should survey the whole lake-region of Central Africa, and be accompanied by a military escort sufficiently strong to remove from the explorers all idea of danger. A small screw steamer should be taken, and put together on the lakes one after another, so that the whole of their shores might be examined and described. On the return of these commissioners, after completing their labours, we might truly be said to have discovered the sources of the Nile—but not till then.

One practice of our travellers we cannot sufficiently condemn—we mean that of imposing English names on African rivers, lakes, mountains, and falls. Why should the White Nile forfeit its ancient appellation, and be lost to geography by being transformed into the Somerset? What had Lord Ripon or Sir Roderick Murchison to do with the Nilotic cataracts, that we should find

* The Albert N'Yanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and Explorations of the Nile Sources. By Samuel White Baker, M.A., F.R.G.S. With Maps, Illustrations, and Portraits. Two vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

their names associated with that of Mumbo Jumbo in the Mountains of the Moon? What has the Queen of these realms to do with one of the great lakes, or her lamented consort with the other? Our courtier travellers forget themselves when they revolutionize geography after this fashion. If we had conquered the country and converted it into a colony, such a practice might be tolerable; but, as the case now stands, it is altogether absurd, and we trust that, through reverence for science, geographers will firmly set their faces against so incongruous a mixture of names. Should foreign travellers follow the example set them by our countrymen, what a strange aspect would the surface of Africa soon present, studded with Danish, Swedish, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Greek names, jumbled up with negro appellations, unpronounceable by the European tongue, and with the grand nomenclature of the Koran! Having made these remarks—which apply to the proceedings of nearly all recent travellers, who, considering their strong propensity to transform everything, may deserve our gratitude for not obliterating Cairo and Damascus from the map of the world, and calling one Hutchison and the other Murchison towns—we go on to observe that, viewed merely as a book of travels, Mr. Baker's work is entitled to high praise. It would be difficult to exaggerate the intrepidity displayed both by him and his wife, who may truly be regarded as one of the most unflinching and devoted of her sex. It is impossible to contemplate without strong sympathy, not the perils she encountered, which we estimate as nothing, but the miseries from fever, from ague, from hunger, from thirst—above all, from the effects of a sun-stroke which nearly put a period to her existence in the most odious solitudes on the surface of this globe. The portions of Mr. Baker's book in which these trials are described may be regarded as among the most touching passages of a traveller's autobiography to be found in any language. He enters into the details like a man, and, though everything is drawn with a delicate and refined hand, he places himself before you, sitting by his wife's bedside, with the frankness of a private revelation. Under a tree, or in some wretched hut in a wild African forest, enveloped in thick darkness, while the howl of the jackal breaks now and then upon the ear, the husband and wife, fever-stricken, half-famished, and surrounded by the most grovelling and bestial of savages, pass the livelong night, one in deep agony, the other in utter unconsciousness. No one who has any feelings to be moved can read Mr. Baker's exquisite narrative without extending to him and his noble wife the warmest sympathy. Sometimes as we read, we regret that a delicate woman should have been exposed, though by her own choice, to so rude a trial of love; but, throughout life, the remembrance of those hours must be her reward, and her husband's too. The fame arising from scientific discoveries, from passing over untrodden ground, from pursuing, through unknown regions, the course of a mighty river, is doubtless sweet; but the satisfaction of sharing and reaping that fame with a true and heroic wife must be a thousand times sweeter. The reader, we are sure, will acknowledge that few pages in our contemporary literature go more directly to the heart than the following:—

"Again we halted. The night came, and I sat by her side in a miserable hut, with the feeble lamp flickering while she lay, as in death. She had never moved a muscle since she fell. My people slept. I was alone, and no sound broke the stillness of the night. The ears ached at the utter silence, till the sudden wild cry of a hyena made me shudder as the horrible thought rushed through my brain, that, should she be buried in this lonely spot, the hyena would . . . disturb her rest.

"The morning was not far distant; it was past four o'clock. I had passed the night in replacing wet cloths upon her head and moistening her lips, as she lay apparently lifeless on her litter. I could do nothing more; in solitude and abject misery in that dark hour, in a country of savage heathens, thousands of miles away from a Christian land, I beseeched an aid above all human, trusting alone to Him.

"The morning broke; my lamp had just burnt out, and, cramped with the night's watching, I rose from my low seat, and seeing that she lay in the same unaltered state, I went to the door of the hut to breathe one gasp of the fresh morning air. I was watching the first red streak that heralded the rising sun, when I was startled by the words, 'Thank God,' faintly uttered behind me. Suddenly she had awoke from her torpor, and with a heart overflowing I went to her bedside. Her eyes were full of madness! She spoke, but the brain was gone!

"I will not inflict a description of the terrible trial of seven days of brain fever, with its attendant horrors. The rain poured in torrents, and day after day we were forced to travel for want of provisions, not being able to remain in one position. Every now and then we shot a few guinea-fowl, but rarely; there was no game, although the country was most favourable. In the forests we procured wild honey, but the deserted villages contained no supplies, as we were on the frontier of Uganda, and M'tesé's people had plundered the district. For seven nights I had not slept, and although as weak as a reed, I had marched by the side of her litter. Nature could resist no longer. We reached a village one evening; she had been in violent convulsions successively—it was all but over. I laid her down on her litter within a hut; covered her with a Scotch plaid, and I fell upon my mat insensible, worn out with sorrow and fatigue. My men put a new handle to the pickaxe that evening, and sought for a dry spot to dig her grave!"

Mr. Baker's anxiety having been prolonged through seven days of terror, the entire import of which few will be able to comprehend, save those who have been placed in similar circumstances, the protracted paroxysm of agony passes away as follows:—

"The sun had risen when I awoke. I had slept, and, horrified as

the idea flashed upon me that she must be dead, and that I had not been with her, I started up. She lay upon her bed, pale as marble, and with that calm serenity that the features assume when the cares of life no longer act upon the mind, and the body rests in death. The dreadful thought bowed me down; but as I gazed upon her in fear, her chest gently heaved, not with the convulsive throbs of fever, but naturally. She was asleep; and when at a sudden noise she opened her eyes, they were calm and clear. She was saved! When not a ray of hope remained, God alone knows what helped us. The gratitude of that moment I will not attempt to describe."

When Mrs. Baker was sufficiently recovered, the party moved forward towards the great lake, in the direction pointed out to them by the people of the country, and we will allow Mr. Baker to place before the reader the effect produced upon his mind by the first view of the Albert Nyanza:—

"The 14th March.—The sun had not risen when I was spurring my ox after the guide, who, having been promised a double handful of beads on arrival at the lake, had caught the enthusiasm of the moment. The day broke beautifully and clear, and having crossed a deep valley between the hills, we toiled up the opposite slope. I hurried to the summit. The glory of our prize burst suddenly upon me! There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay far beneath the grand expanse of water,—a boundless sea horizon on the south and south-west, glittering in the noon-day sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles' distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to the height of about 7,000 feet above its level."

A little farther on, taking up the thread of his narrative, Mr. Baker says:—

"The zigzag path to descend to the lake was so steep and dangerous that we were forced to leave our oxen with a guide, who was to take them to Magonga and wait for our arrival. We commenced the descent of the steep pass on foot. I led the way, grasping a stout bamboo. My wife in extreme weakness tottered down the pass, supporting herself upon my shoulder, and stopping to rest every twenty paces. After a toilsome descent of about two hours, weak with years of fever, but for the moment strengthened by success, we gained the level plain below the cliff. A walk of about a mile through flat sandy meadows of fine turf interspersed with trees and bush, brought us to the water's edge. The waves were rolling upon a white pebbly beach: I rushed into the lake, and thirsty with heat and fatigue, with a heart full of gratitude, I drank deeply from the Sources of the Nile."

Allowing Mr. Baker to cherish the fond delusion that the vast expanse of water then before him is the source of the Nile, we select another short passage, in order to complete, though in outline, his very imperfect account of the great lake:—

"The first *coup d'œil* from the summit of the cliff 1,500 feet above the level had suggested what a closer examination confirmed. The lake was a vast depression far below the general level of the country, surrounded by precipitous cliffs, and bounded on the west and south-west by great ranges of mountains from five to seven thousand feet above the level of its waters—thus it was the one great reservoir into which everything must drain; and from this vast rocky cistern the Nile made its exit, a giant in its birth."

It would be absurd to reproach Mr. Baker for not performing impossibilities: we repeat that he has accomplished more than it falls to the lot of a traveller to accomplish once in a thousand years; but he should be careful that he does not claim too much. The discovery of the source, or sources, of the Nile remains to be achieved by some future explorer, more fortunate, though not more bold or persevering, and, we may add, cherishing juster notions of what the source of a river is. It may be all very well to soothe the pangs of disappointment by calling such a river as the Kitangulé an affluent of the Victoria Nyanza; it is such an affluent as the Rhone is to the Lake of Geneva, and as other rivers may be to the Albert Nyanza, of which Mr. Baker has only obtained a glimpse. That lake, for aught that is hitherto known, may rival in dimensions the Caspian Sea, and be fed by one river, among many others, thrice as large as the Kitangulé, which may be pronounced, as soon as seen, to be the real Nile. This, we say, may or may not prove to be the case. If it be, then the Kitangulé loses its claim to be any other than an affluent of the Nile. If it be not, to the Kitangulé itself belongs the name of Nile, and the discoverer of its source will be the solver of the great geographical problem of Africa.

DIARY OF THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM WINDHAM.*

THE Right Hon. William Windham was one of the most conspicuous of that remarkable group of statesmen and orators who cast so much lustre upon our history at the close of the last and the commencement of the present century. The pupil of Dr. Johnson, the disciple of Burke, the friend of Fox, and the colleague of Pitt, he enjoyed in a high degree the affection and respect of all those eminent men. For twenty years he held the post of Secretary for War, and both in opposition and in office distinguished himself as one of the most eloquent speakers, and one of the most effective and skilful debaters, of his time. Yet, although his personal character and his remarkable abilities—his polished manners, his ingenious and brilliant conversational powers, his high spirit and his chivalrous nature—made him a favourite, both in the House of

* Diary of the Right Hon. William Windham. 1784 to 1810. Edited by Mrs. Henry Baring. London: Longmans & Co.

Commons and in society, he did not command a corresponding degree of confidence or influence. By his want of firmness, consistency, and resolution, he gained the disparaging nickname of "Weathercock Windham," and failed, in spite of his great talents and rare gifts, to leave behind any permanent reputation. Even his name would probably have been forgotten but for a sentence in Macaulay's well-known description of the trial of Warren Hastings, which describes him so admirably and so characteristically that we are tempted to recall it to the recollection of our readers:—"There, with eyes momentarily fixed on Burke, appeared the first gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit—the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham." The position of dependence upon some stronger and more robust leader, in which our great essayist has here depicted him, was that which he filled through life.

Those who take up this Diary in the expectation of deriving from it any great amount of political or historical information will be greatly disappointed. There are comparatively few entries which relate to public affairs at all; and even these contain little that is new. The diary is, in fact, almost entirely one of a private character. It is a record of Windham's daily life—all he did, where he went, what he read, saw, thought, or felt. Its interest lies in the light which it casts upon the character of the writer. Windham stands as completely self-revealed in its pages as if we had been in the confessional. To this he confided his doubts, his vacillations, his morbid self-questionings, his sensitive self-criticism; and very curious is the insight thus afforded into his inner life. There can be no doubt, too, that the insight is genuine. In many cases we cannot help having more than a misgiving that diaries are written with a view to eventual publication, and that the authors are telling us rather what they wish to be thought than what they are. In the present instance, no one need fear becoming the victim of such a deception. It is clear, we think, that the diary was never meant to see the light; and there is an air of natural, straightforward simplicity about the entries which at once satisfies us as to their perfect sincerity and truthfulness. It seems, however, very questionable whether Dr. Johnson did not make a great mistake in advising Windham to keep this record of his life. For it must have prodigiously developed the intense self-consciousness which was, in a great degree, the cause of his weakness and his failings; and it certainly did not contribute either to the happiness or the usefulness of his life. A nature like that of Windham finds its truest scope and its healthiest discipline in active employment; and the best proof that this is so may be found in the fact that, from the time he entered the War Office and became absorbed in its duties, we hear very little of his mental troubles, while his cheerfulness and serenity of mind steadily increased. Until he got this occupation, he was constantly tormenting himself in a way of which the following extract will give a fair idea:—

"May [1792].—Of this month, as of the latter end of the last, no account whatever has been kept; much, however, has been done in it in respect to public business, and of such events as might make part of a journal. The same cause will account for there having been little of that which should occupy a place in the 'Hist. Liter.' It is indeed to be noted as a period in which there has been less of that lost than in any period of equal extent. It is still more to be noted as a period in which the want of that has been also less felt. The change that has taken place in myself in that respect is striking, and by no means comfortable. The facility with which I yield now to engagement; the little desire of avoiding or contracting it; the composure with which I submit to interruption; in a word, the little account which I take of time, or regret which I feel at the loss of it, are circumstances altogether new and alarming. I experience now a change of mind, such as general experience teaches, I believe, to expect, but of which I had no trace till within about this year. A great abatement has taken place in the ardour of pursuit. It is but very lately that I could not have withdrawn for ever so short a time, in a way ever so pleasing, from the pursuits that usually engaged me, without feeling a strong impatience at the interruption, and earnest desire to return to my accustomed task; I may say, I think truly, that I never quitted home for any purpose with the prospect of being absent for several hours, without feeling at the moment that my inclination was rather to stay than to go. The moment, too, of my return, if my state was not such as to preclude my hopes of useful application, and indeed even when it was, was always attended with pleasure; I quitted home with reluctance, and I was impatient to return. When I add to this the constant reckoning which I kept of the times of my absence, the estimate I made of the loss thus sustained in the prosecution of certain purposes, the constant reference of time to objects; few states can be more unlike one another than that in which I lived till very lately, and that of which I have been conscious since that time. It is, in one word, that I have lost the ardour of pursuit. The consideration must be, whether this can by any means be restored. The task is undoubtedly arduous, and little countenanced for its success by general experience; yet I do not think it hopeless. In the first place, this change is not of long standing; in the next place, it seems capable of being accounted for by causes which it is in my power to remove. The intermission of all pursuit, which is the sure way to destroy the ardour of it, need never be of long continuance, and, except by my own fault, need rarely occur in the same degree. I know by invariable experience how certainly, in the case of employment, the will returns with the act; and how much of the act has lately been suspended for reasons created altogether by myself. To ascertain as nearly as possible in what degree this has happened, let me make out the best account I can of the manner in which my time has passed."

At the time he wrote thus despondingly about himself, he had for many years been a member of parliament; he had taken part

in the impeachment of Warren Hastings, as well as other affairs of importance; and the pages of this Diary afford the amplest proof of his love of classical literature and of mathematics, and of the assiduity with which he pursued his favourite studies, and laboured at the work of self-improvement. But perhaps the best instance of the absurdity and mischievousness of the process to which he was constantly subjecting himself may be found in the doubts which he—unreservedly acknowledged by his contemporaries to be one of the manliest of men—actually succeeded in infusing into his mind with respect to his own courage. He got rid of this delusion by going under fire in the trenches at the siege of Valenciennes; but no sooner was he convinced that he was not a coward than he began to be afraid that he was discreditably insensible to the scenes which were passing about him!

Windham was a Norfolk country gentleman. His seat was that Felbrigg Hall of which we lately heard so much in connection with the wretched man who bore his name, but is not descended from him. He does not seem to have had any great fondness for country life. He was but a lukewarm sportsman; his eager and excitable temperament was ill-suited to the routine and drilling of formal society; and he cared too much for literature and politics to be much intent on the details of country business. His nature was eminently social; and he had an intense enjoyment in the exercise of those conversational powers in which, according to very good authority, he excelled all his contemporaries. His love of society was of the best and highest kind. It was based upon sincere interest in and genuine sympathy with the men and women by whom he was surrounded; and it never interfered with the domestic affections, which he evidently possessed in a very high degree. With his Diary before us, we can quite understand how attractive and how thoroughly lovable he must have been. Curiously enough, with all his refinement and sensitiveness, he had a passion—the word is not too strong—for amusements which are generally considered of the most brutal and cruel description. One was bull-baiting, which on one occasion he defended with great vivacity and ingenuity in the House of Commons—steadfastly maintaining, amongst other things, that the bull enjoyed it as much as the dogs. The other was prize-fighting. He was not only a regular attendant at the great "mills" of the professional gladiators, but, whenever he saw two men fighting in the streets, he seems to have joined the crowd, and remained as a highly interested and critical observer of the contest. As a contrast to the extract we have already made, we will give his account of one of these battles:—

"June 9th [1788].—I had been that morning with Fullerton and Palmer to Croydon, to a boxing match, and after dinner went before coffee with Elliot to Cholmondeley to the philosophical fireworks. The boxing match was, in consequence of a purse collected by subscription, under the direction of H. Aston, G. Hanger, &c. The combatants, Fewtrill and Jackson, both of them large; one of them, Jackson, a man of uncommon strength and activity, but neither of them of any skill, or likely, so far as appeared upon that occasion, ever to become distinguished. The fight, which lasted an hour and ten minutes, was wholly uninteresting, it being evident from the beginning which was to prevail, and no powers or qualities being displayed to make the prevalence of one or the other a matter of anxiety. The fight which succeeded this between Crabb, a Jew, and Watson, a butcher from Bristol, under 21, was of a different character; so much skill, activity, and fine make, my experience in these matters has not shown me. After a most active fight of forty minutes, the Jew was very fairly beat. There was also another fight, between a butcher and a spring-maker, neither of them large, but one of them, the butcher, a muscular man, which, though smart enough for the time, ended soon by what seemed a shabby surrender on the part of the spring-maker; his plea was having sprained both his thumbs, or, as he called it, but not truly, according to their appearance to me afterwards, put them out."

One of the most remarkable passages in the Diary relates to the last days of Dr. Johnson, with whom Windham seems to have been an immense favourite. It is, however, the only part of the book which has ever appeared in print before. Although, if our memory serves us rightly, it is not quite fully given in Croker's "Boswell," it is substantially quoted in the present work, and for these reasons we need not do more than refer to it. We cannot think of Johnson without being reminded of Goldsmith. For the latter, Windham seems to have had no great admiration, if we may judge from the following singularly perverted criticism of the "Vicar of Wakefield," under date December 20th, 1808:—

"After dinner, slept only for a few minutes, afterwards 'Vicar of Wakefield,' which we just completed by supper and bedtime; a most absurd book, with hardly anything to carry it through but the name of the author, or to reconcile the reader to it but the catastrophe giving such full measure of happiness to the good, and such proper punishment to the wicked and worthless. Tiresome disputations, false opinions, uninteresting digressions, improbable incidents, nothing perfectly right, even where it cannot be said to be violently wrong; the very humour being little more than a good attempt, and never being quite successful."

As we have already said, there is not much information of a political or historical kind to be found in this work. A correspondence between Windham and Burke, with regard to the differences between Pitt and Fitzwilliam in 1794, will, however, be read with interest, if for no other reason than because Burke's letters must have been amongst the last things written by the old orator, who was then fast sinking into the grave. The following passage from one of these shows that, however absurd and exaggerated might be

Burke's public lamentations over the position and prospects of England at this point, they were the sincere expressions of his private thoughts:—

"I wrote, last night, a *threnodia* to the Chancellor; but I did not enter into any particular whatever: it would have been quite useless. He is a very able, good-humoured, friendly man; and for himself, truly, no great jobber, but where a job of patronage occurs, '*quantum ipsa in morte tenetur*.' For in the article of death, he would cry, 'Bring the job!' Good God! to think of jobs in such a moment as this! Why, it is not vice any longer: it is corruption run mad. Thank you for the account of the few saved at Bois le Duc—Pichegru has more humanity than we have. Why are any of these people put into garrison places? It is premeditated and treacherous murder. If an emigrant governor was, indeed, appointed, a better thing could not be done. Then we should hear of a defence: it would, indeed, be a novelty; and one would think, for that reason, would be recommended. But cowardice and treachery seem qualifications; and punishment is amongst the *artes perditæ* in the old governments. I am very miserable—tossed by public upon private grief, and by private upon public. Oh! have pity on yourselves! and may the God, whose counsels are so mysterious in the moral world (even more than in the natural), guide you through all these labyrinths. Do not despair! if you do, work in despair. Feel as little and think as much as you can: correct your natural constitutions, but don't attempt to force them."

It is almost unnecessary to say that this Diary throws some incidental light upon the times and manners of English society during the period which it embraces. Still, it cannot be said that it does this to any great extent. Windham was no "gossipper," or, if he was, he did not make his journal a receptacle for the good stories he may have heard. The interest of the book consists almost entirely in the autobiographical portrait which it contains of the celebrated man by whom it was written.

ARMADALE.*

"ARMADALE" is no ordinary novel, and neither its faults nor its merits deserve to be treated with as little attention as suffices for the commonplace fictions with which we are so lavishly supplied. It is a work of real art, on which the artist has evidently bestowed very great care; a complicated piece of mechanism, the invention of which must have cost much time and thought, while for its construction the highest possible technical skill was required. Most novelists trouble themselves very little about the working-out of their plots. Having once got hold of a good leading idea, and sketched off a few taking scenes, they make a bold commencement, and let their characters scramble through anyhow to the end, trusting to the eagerness which impels a reader from volume to volume to prevent him from discovering the weak points in their work. But Mr. Wilkie Collins proceeds on a very different plan. Every step of the journey which his heroes and heroines have to perform is calculated beforehand; every word and deed of theirs has its preconceived meaning, and works out its intended consequence. From the beginning to the end, all is schemed as elaborately as a series of moves planned by an accomplished chessplayer, and no reader can avoid admiring the skill which the author displays, especially towards the close, when the various threads of the story are seen steadily converging towards the culminating point of interest. But the pains which have been taken with the narrative are so manifest that they destroy much of the appearance of reality with which it is intended to be invested, and the careful attention paid to trifling details will be apt to engender weariness, especially in the opening chapters, in which there is little to interest the reader, and nothing to excite him.

We may take it for granted that the plot of "Armada" is so generally known that it is unnecessary to enter into an elaborate analysis of it at present. A slight sketch will suffice for our purpose. Its principal characters are two youths, each of whom legally bears the name of Allan Armadale, though one of them is known throughout the story under that of Ozias Midwinter. Their fathers had once been friends, but a mortal hatred had sprung up between them, terminated by a deliberate murder. The murderer, on his deathbed, reveals the terrible truth to his son, the Midwinter of the tale, warning him against having anything to do with the boy who afterwards figures as Allan Armadale, or the girl who had been concerned in the tragedy, and who eventually makes her appearance as a Miss Gwilt. Of course, the three persons whom the moribund assassin so strongly desired to keep apart are brought by the novelist into the closest possible relations with each other. Armadale accidentally confers a benefit on Midwinter, and wins his undying gratitude. The two young men become united by a friendship such as is rarely heard of beyond the confines of fiction, and Miss Gwilt, as soon as she appears upon the scene, wins both their hearts in succession. The characters of the friends are admirably contrasted, and they have been depicted with equal care and skill. As works of art, their portraits deserve high praise, so correct is the drawing, so striking are the effects of light and shade; but in themselves they are somewhat uninteresting. If we had met with Armadale and Midwinter in real life, we should not, in all probability, have been attracted towards either of them; and, although a novelist is not bound to make all his personages agreeable, it is a drawback to the charm of a story when none of its characters appeal to our sympathies. With the exception of an amiable old clergyman, who generally appears in the capacity of a

letter-writer, there is scarcely a single being connected with Armadale who is not in some way or other eminently disagreeable. Some of the persons to whom we are introduced may win our respect by their cleverness, others may amuse us by their quaint originality; but there are none for whose acquaintance we feel the better, or who are likely to gain anything like an abiding place in our memory. Armadale himself is just such a youth as we have often met, and then gladly avoided. Noisy, boisterous, empty-headed, blessed with a perfect digestion and a good estate, always in good spirits, and provokingly free from the ills which trouble ordinary mortals, he goes through his life for ever cheerfully babbling, perpetually treading on the corns of all who surround him, serenely unconscious that he is giving offence. He is decked out, it is true, by Mr. Collins with many virtues, but they fail to render him attractive. He is represented as generous, affectionate, and forgiving, and, as he possesses the additional merits of being wealthy and good-looking, he ought to win all hearts; but he does not. We cannot help being interested in his fortunes when we are made aware of the snares which a fiendish skill is setting for his feet; but we are not sorry to get rid of him when he has escaped from the last and most dangerous of them, and is left on the point of subsiding into a decorous and unexciting existence. Midwinter's character is much more interesting than Armadale's, but it is not of an agreeable nature. The miseries of his early life, the narrative of which is wonderfully vigorous and picturesque, have stamped it with an air of distrust which has become habitual to him, and he wanders through the world, cold, cynical, unsympathetic—uttering few words through lips tightened by painful pressure, and gazing at society with a gloomy philosophy out of great melancholy eyes. For mankind in general he has no affection, but he makes up for his coldness by lavishing his love on his friend Armadale, and on the woman whose main object in life is to destroy that friend. The complication which ensues is most skilfully managed by the author, though it is doubtful whether one of the artifices to which he has had recourse, for the purpose of adding the charm of mystery to the other attractions of the story, does not in reality impair the artistic value of his work.

At an early period of the narrative, Armadale dreams a dream of a strange and ominous character. It is divided into a series of scenes, each of which is afterwards realized in his waking life, and Midwinter figures in them forebodingly, together with the shadow of a mysterious woman of threatening aspect. The dream produces a powerful effect upon the morbidly sensitive mind of Midwinter, conscious as he is of the terrible secret linking his father's memory with that of his friend's father, and unable to forget the warning against having anything to do with Armadale, which had come to him from his father's deathbed. Several times, when the gloom thickens around him, he separates himself in deadly terror from Armadale's side; each time, upon calm reflection, he comes back again to his friend. Ultimately the whole of the warning dream comes true, but, instead of hurting Armadale, he is made the means of saving him from destruction. The struggle in his mind between reason and superstition is admirably described, and such a conflict it is interesting to witness; but we may fairly protest against being favoured with the spectacle of a contest between man's free will and the force of destiny, which is unreal, unnatural, and unnecessary. No doubt, at the end, destiny gives way, and the victory is gained by the weak human agent who has battled with adverse circumstances, and watched against the fulfilment of an apparently ordained curse; but the impression left upon the mind is one which, if it were permanent, would be far more favourable to the growth of a withering fatalism than to that of an invigorating self-reliance. If it were not for Midwinter's final victory in his friend's behalf, the story would be of the true nightmare order, and its moral of the most unhealthy nature, for victory seems to depend upon so many accidents that the cause of virtue appears to triumph after all only by chance. Perhaps, however, in all this mystery and gloom there may be enfolded a profound esoteric meaning. We may be intended to see, in the difficulties which Midwinter's friendship entails upon Armadale, some type or shadow of the dangers which beset the mind which wanders from the Real into the realm of the Ideal, or of the clouds which often trouble Reason when it attempts an alliance on equal terms with Faith; but, whatever it may be, it is scarcely worth finding out. It is better to give to this part of the narrative the same consideration which a good ghost story deserves: something to be read with an appreciative shudder, but which among works of art cannot claim a dignified position.

While Midwinter acts very creditably as Armadale's good genius, the character of his evil genius is admirably supported by Miss Gwilt. On her Mr. Collins has lavished his pains, and he is evidently proud of the performance. A more unpleasant character it would be difficult to find, but there can be no question about the cleverness with which she is treated. One merit, however, cannot be claimed for the part she plays. It is not an original one by any means. We have made acquaintance with ladies who were remarkably like her in several respects in recent novels, and we shall be surprised if the family to which she belongs does not furnish many another illustration to the school of sensation. The handsome woman with the graceful form, who possesses all sorts of accomplishments, whose conversation sparkles with wit, whose courage is unbending, whose resources are infinite, whose hair is uncompromisingly red, whose morals are abominable, whose tastes are homicidal—many and many a time has she led us entranced through a triad of volumes. In the present story she occupies a very prominent position, and one which sets her off to great advantage, except in one particular.

* Armadale. By Wilkie Collins. Two vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

The author has been compelled by his respect for dates to represent her as having reached her thirty-third year before she brings her powers of fascination to bear against Armadale. As that susceptible youth is already passionately in love with a blooming beauty of seventeen, we are obliged, like the Marchioness, to "make believe" a good deal before we can accept the author's statements as to the effect of Miss Gwilt's charms upon him. It must be admitted, also, that her stratagems appear almost too subtle and her intrigues too complicated for reality, though their ingenuity, and the delicate manner in which their complicated machinery is handled, deserve great praise. It is impossible to believe in her diary, but allowance must be made for the exigencies of a novelist who wants to let his readers know what a particular character is thinking about, without coming forward in his own person as the interpreter of her thoughts.

A greater fault in art than the improbability of her confessions is the want of distinction in tone between her letters and those of her confidential correspondent, Mrs. Oldershaw. Her temporary repentance when she yields to the softening influence of a happy love is well described, and also the hardness which again comes over her heart when disappointment chills it once more; but her changes of mood are always such as it is easy to detect and represent. Her portrait is cleverly drawn, but it is not a work of genius. If any one is inclined to dispute the point, he has only to compare her picture with that of such a character as the Becky of "Vanity Fair," and he will be convinced at once.

Less dramatic power is displayed in "Armadale" than in "The Woman in White" or "No Name;" there are fewer scenes which can arrest the reader's attention, and fix themselves upon his memory. But it must not be supposed that there is not much to admire in the book. We have spoken before of the vigour with which the tale of Midwinter's early life is told. It might serve as a model for story tellers, so forcible is it, so full of true pathos, yet so utterly free from anything like maudlin sentiment. The scene on board the wreck on which Armadale and Midwinter are benighted is admirably described, not an incident being unnecessarily introduced, not a sight or a sound noticed which does not in some way heighten the desired effect. Armadale's reception by the servants when he goes down to take possession of his estate is full of humour, and so is his first meeting with Miss Milroy. It is unfortunate that so little can be said for that plump young schoolgirl, whose good looks seem to be her only merit. Another excellent scene is that in which Armadale describes his attempts to propitiate the resident gentry, and his overwhelming failure; but his consultation with Miss Milroy over the pages of "Blackstone," when he is meditating an elopement, is more like a scene in a farce than anything else. Considerable use is made throughout the book of the grotesque element, and in one character it is most strikingly combined with the terrible. Painful as is the representation of poor, broken-down old Mr. Bashwood's passionate love for Miss Gwilt, it has great merit, and may claim the praise due to originality. The old man's story forms a complete little tragedy, full of human interest in itself, and justly compelling the admiration of all who read it for the skill with which the author has treated his materials.

LA BANDE DU JURA*.

MADAME DE GASPARI, already well known in England and on the Continent as the authoress of the "Near and Heavenly Horizons," and other works of a deeply religious tone, has lately come before the public in a new character, not less pleasing than the former one. We have here the simple narrative of summer journeyings in search of health and pleasure by a band of friends living on the Swiss slopes of the Jura. As we accompany them in their expedition, we cannot but become interested in our new acquaintances, so fresh, so natural, are the portraits that meet our eyes. Each member of the "Bande" stands out in relief, with his or her individual characteristics strongly marked. Pastor and flock, botanist and physician, aunt and niece, even the parents who send their children with the "Bande," all become to us familiar friends, from whom we are loth to part company when we reach the last page. A fund of quiet humour, a quick apprehension of the ludicrous, and a very keen insight into character, keep up the reader's interest through four goodly *livraisons*, each voyage of the "Bande" being distinct from the rest, and published in a separate volume. The appreciation of the work by Continental readers may be judged from the fact that the first two volumes, or parts, have already reached a second edition; we trust that the merits of the complete work will not fail of recognition in England as well as on the Continent. One of the greatest charms of the book lies in the freshness with which old subjects are treated, and the faculty of enjoyment which we think few readers could fail to find infused into them by Madame de Gasparin's cheerful spirit. The "Bande du Jura" bears the impress of the stirring times during which it was composed. Wars and revolutions are not unknown to its pages, for one summer excursion was taken while Royalists and Republicans were doing battle in the "county" of Neuchâtel, and another trip, extending to Northern Italy, brought our friends from the Jura into contact with red-shirted Garibaldians going to the capture of Naples.

The first series of travels has Western Switzerland for its scene,

* La Bande du Jura. Par l'Auteur des "Horizons Prochains." Paris: Michel Lévy.

and in this volume is comprised the least-trodden division of our author's journeyings. The descriptions of the Creux du Van, Vallorbes, and the Mont Tendre, may serve to show how much that is worthy of exploration lies locked-up, and almost unknown, in the recesses of the Jura. We must admit, however, that the accommodation in that region is not of the type which satisfies the ordinary English tourist, and a reception such as the "Bande" experienced at a farm-house at the Creux du Van would to most persons seem a lively representation of the "cold shoulder" style of welcome. The villagers of Noiraigues sternly refuse to give shelter to the "Bande," which is compelled to travel, with weary feet, up to the Maison du Creux, being promised room there by a cousin of the mistress. The goal is at length reached, and this is the unpromising reception. After a parley between their guide, Virginie, and her "cousine Evodie," the latter opens the door, and the following conversation, or rather monologue, ensues:—

"Bonsoir, madame." Pas de réponse. "Vous pouvez nous loger?" Silence. "Nous sommes un peu nombreux." Rien. "Quatorze, mais pas difficiles." Soupir. "Nous avons faim—nous voudrions bien manger et nous coucher." Grogement. "On nous a dit que vous aviez des chambres, et des lits!"—"Eh, grand Dieu! père, qu'allons nous devenir!" (This to the husband, Ulysse, a little, thin man, standing behind his wife.) . . . "Mais, au monde! qui vous a envoyés ici?" (Hearing it was the people of Noiraigues, cousin Evodie exclaims), "Ils sont bien peu humains ceux-là! Dans un moment semblable. Nous qu'on est déjà bouleversés par cette révolution! Il ne manquait plus que vous."

Notwithstanding this unfavourable beginning, a pleasant night was spent at the farm, and, by the morning, host and hostess were firm friends with the "Bande." In the disturbed districts, at a time when the town of Neuchâtel was in a state of siege, our travellers occasionally experienced some difficulty in making the Federal soldiers believe that their object in travelling was entirely unconnected with politics. But the first glimpse of the ladies of the party set these doubts at rest. "Des dames!" was the cry; "des bouquets de fleurs! Oh, non, vous ne portez pas de dépêches! vous êtes civiles et fédérales!" It would have saved many lives if the French Republicans had held the same polite view in 1792. But the Neuchâtel revolution was on a very small scale, and one cannot expect to find all the ideas of a "grande nation" among a people who, for the most part, thought, like cousin Evodie's husband, that revolutions were a "bêtise." "Tout ça, c'est des gens qui veulent des places!" A curious feature in the educational system of Western Switzerland is worth mentioning. It appears to be the custom among the better class of farmers to have a village schoolmistress—"Régente" is the designation given—to board in their houses during the six winter months, for the purpose of teaching book-learning in the morning, needle-work in the afternoon. "And thus," says Madame Gasparin, "well cultivated minds are often to be found here under an awkward and unpromising exterior." The simplicity of the course of instruction at some dame-schools in the mountains, as they may not improperly be called, is well illustrated in an example mentioned in the description of the source of the Orbe:—

"Vent-on être sages? Oui! Vent-on faire plaisir au bon Dieu? Oui! Joignez à ces questions répétées chaque matin, chaque fois accueillies d'une adhésion cordiale, deux ou trois histoires de la Bible racontées comme si l'incident se fût passé hier, vous aurez tout l'enseignement."

No "my lords," no "conscience clauses," to cause dispute in the Jura!

Before proceeding to more distant travels, we would call special attention to a little tale, dedicated to the children of the "Bande," which has all the freshness and purity of the old German stories. We are sure that other children besides those for whom it was written will delight in the adventures of a squirrel by the banks of the Orbe, as related in Madame de Gasparin's first volume. The squirrel is of opinion that the "Bande du Jura" is itself almost a "bande d'écureuils," and says that, "like all well-born squirrels," he is grateful to his friends. It is one of the most charming episodes of the book, and well worthy of study.

The second volume takes us to Milan, the Lakes, Venice, Genoa; old ground indeed, but well and freshly dealt with. Madame de Gasparin is very happy in the few graphic touches with which she places scenery before us, vividly and picturesquely beyond most writers of books of travel. No descriptions could be at once more pithy and true than the few words allotted to Soleure, Aarberg, and Olten:—"Soleure, that passes before us like a slide in a magic-lantern, with its fortifications, its old gates, and fosses; Aarberg, with its towers slender as needles, and its aspect of the year 1300. While as for Olten, it is not the fault of the place if you do not see it! Whether you go from Bienne to Berne, to Lucerne, or to Zurich, or from Villeneuve to Bex, you must equally pass through Olten!" A sort of Swiss Crewe-Junction, Olten is thus continually presenting itself to the traveller. Here is a picture of Bellinzona, "whose crenelated crown, and old castles perched upon rocks, give her a proud aspect. She commands north, south, east, and west. The dukes of Milan and the Swiss mountaineers many a time came to blows beneath her walls. She has received many monarchs, signed many a treaty of peace, and many a warrior-bishop has advanced his pennons close to her walls. At this day, tranquil and commercial, nothing remains to her of her poetry save her severe profile, her Italian fruits, and her beautiful young girls." Carrara is "a splendid chaos, all of virgin

white;" again, Massa is "an Eden. Had the Bande been its sovereign, they would have given constitutions by handfuls, even a republic, sooner than leave that old mediæval city, with its girdle of orange-groves, its thick walls whence spring three limpid streams that bound over the gardens, and its red palace with marble frame-works and busts gilded by the sun!" But, while thus noticing the land, Madame de Gasparin does not fail to look keenly into the people. The band of friends from the Jura were so fortunate as to be in Italy during the stirring times, which are perhaps on the point of being repeated, when Garibaldi's name was on every one's lips, and any post or telegram might bring news of the fall of Ancona or the capture of Naples, each blow that was struck bringing nearer the consummation of the old dream—"Italia Unità." "The unlettered classes," says our authoress, "do not share in the excitement of the re-awakening of Italy." "Les contadini regardent faire la Révolution; ils ne la font point. Ils appartiennent encore aux fratri qui les confessent, au clergé qui les marie, au curé qui les enterre." Nevertheless, she is of opinion that, when the "contadino," or peasant, discovers that, notwithstanding the departure of the Grand Duke and the thunders of the Holy Father, the world still goes round, and the olive-trees produce their wonted fruit, he will send his sons to the lay-schools, "and his grandsons will be emancipated." Looking down from the summit of the Apennines on the plains where the combat was still pending, Madame de Gasparin sees in it a serious stake that is being played for. "On se bat! Liberté de foi, liberté d'action, avenir de l'Italie, peut-être le bouleversement de l'Europe, tout s'agite, tout bouillonne dans ces abîmes!" With the war-note in our ears that was sounded lately at Auxerre, we can hardly help speculating how soon this unsettling process may begin afresh.

Our authoress's judgments on the characters of bygone celebrities, as still traceable on canvass or in marble, are always worthy of note, and often very striking. We may be excused, perhaps, for quoting a remarkable instance of this penetrating vision, as exercised on some members of the too notorious House of Borgia. Speaking of the portraits of Valentino and Cesare Borgia, in the Palazzo Castel di Barco, at Milan, she says:—

"Valentin un parfait gentleman, a le visage paisible, l'air doux, la tenue irréprochable; seulement à mesure que vous le considérez, une sorte de concentration vicieuse et cruelle s'écrit sur ce front lisse; elle vous donne froid. Cet homme est inexorable, non parceque la passion l'emporte, mais parcequ'il n'a pas de passion. . . . L'autre, César, est le pire des Borgia, on le dit; je crois que c'est le moins mauvais. . . . c'est une âme ruinée, dévastée, mais Satan a dû la conquérir; celle de Valentin lui a toujours appartenu."

In strong contrast with this sombre verdict is the description of Lucrezia, based upon her autograph letter to Cardinal Bembo, in the Ambrosian Library:—

"Tout à côté se déroulent les blonds cheveux de Lucrèce Borgia, dans la lettre au Cardinal Bembo; un or délicat! et si soyeux, si éthérés! on les dirait dérobés à quelque Vierge de Luini!"

Before taking our leave of Italy, we think it would be unjust to the Holy Father not to record a version of his attitude towards the kingdom of Italy which may perhaps gain him the sympathy even of Exeter Hall, by reason of the name to which his conduct entitled him in the eyes of Italians. Passing a night at Pietra-Santa, a small town in the Maremma, our friends inquired of their host what was the news. "What is the King of Naples doing?" "The King? he protests! he is a Protestant!" "And the Grand Duke?" "The Grand Duke also is a Protestant!" "And the Pope?" "Encore un Protestant!"

Passing from one extremity of the ecclesiastical world to another, we will give our readers a Swiss Protestant view of Spurgeon. Madame de Gasparin's general opinion of sermons does not appear to be a very high one. In one passage she expresses her belief that our ancestors encouraged preaching as a favourable opportunity for dozing during service! But of Spurgeon's discourses she entertains the highest admiration, as will be seen in the brief but pungent words we quote:—"Spurgeon vous attaque au vif. Il boze." Other orators lead you to wander in thought, from the very force of their learning and eloquence: Spurgeon does not suffer this. "Il vous prend au collet, il vous serre contre le mur, et si vous cessez d'écouter, un coup de poing! 'Schoking!' s'écrient les ladies de la haute fashion. 'Une femme comme il faut ne saurait affronter cela!'" It was not so with the ladies of fashion in the days of the prophets of Israel, or in the days of St. Paul, says our authoress; but Mr. Spurgeon's acceptance in either of these characters has yet to be made known to us. And, after all, it is not in his own country that the prophet is declared to have most honour!

We have thus far endeavoured to give our readers some idea of the excellences of style and thought contained in the "Bande du Jura." Many another good story and keen sketch of character we have necessarily left untouched, else our notice would have assumed the proportions of a volume. We can hardly take leave of Madame de Gasparin and her pleasant travelling companions of the "Bande du Jura" in better words than she has herself supplied at the close of the first of her foreign tours, and we are sure the sentence will be heartily re-echoed by all who read her book:—"La Bande a vu des choses merveilleuses, terre, cieux, mers, Alpes, lacs, gens, bêtes; eh bien! de tout cela, c'est la Bande qui lui a le plus plu!"

THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH.*

ENGLISHMEN are generally accustomed to regard themselves as of Teutonic descent—at least, mainly so, and allowing for a certain admixture of other races, not materially altering the original stock. In most of our standard histories it is affirmed that successive hordes of Saxons, Angles, and Jutes—all belonging to the same Germanic family—arrived in this island after the departure of the Romans, and exterminated or drove out the aboriginal Britons. According to the statement commonly made, such of the Britons as were not killed in warfare or massacred in cold blood, were compelled to seek refuge in the mountains of Wales, the wilds of Cornwall, or the forests of Armorica, leaving but a small remnant of their race behind, who were enslaved by the conquerors, and in the course of a few generations became absorbed. The assertion is founded on the authority of Gildas, a chronicler of the sixth century, who, writing not long after the time to which he refers, and having settled in Armorica, where, according to his own statement, many of the refugees established themselves, has not unreasonably been presumed to have had the best opportunities for knowing the truth. What Gildas thus put forth has been repeated over and over again by later historians, until it has come to be almost universally accepted as an obvious and indisputable fact. It is true that a few Welsh writers have taken a different view, and that one or two English authors, within the last thirty or forty years, have cast doubts on the accuracy of the popular belief. But these comparatively obscure protests have had no effect on the widely spread conviction of the English people that they are mainly Saxons. We always speak of the Germans as our cousins; and the Germans themselves, not unnaturally proud of kinship with the most progressive, powerful, and energetic people of the world, are fond of claiming us as their children, and pointing to the greatness of England and North America as in a great measure their own. Signs are not wanting, however, that a reaction is setting in against this German-worship. Some of us are beginning to discover that the Anglo-Saxon theory has degenerated into a cant, and that we have no great occasion to be ambitious of lineal and unmixed descent from a race whose highest ideal of statesmanship is to be found in a Bismarck, whose type of the soldier is Blücher, whose politics are a confusion, whose progress is stagnation, whose practice is endless theorising, and even whose best and noblest qualities of intellect appear singularly destitute of the completeness, compactness, and adaptability to use, which to the Englishman form the highest recommendations. Mr. James Augustus St. John, in his "Four Conquests of England," published in 1862, maintained that the mass of the English population is still of British origin. Within the last few months, Mr. Matthew Arnold has written in the *Cornhill Magazine* a series of papers on "Celtic Literature," in which he contends for about an equal admixture of the two races; and only four or five weeks ago we briefly noticed a pamphlet written violently in favour of the British hypothesis. The volume before us takes the same side, and argues the question with great ability and knowledge. It is clear the time has come when the facts must be reconsidered.

With respect to the account given by Gildas, Mr. Pike points out that it is not reliable, partly because he was evidently a hypochondriacal man, inclined to take a gloomy view of all things, and partly because he acknowledges that he did not consult any British written documents, but compiled his works "from accounts obtained abroad, which," he says, "must necessarily be obscure, by reason of the numerous gaps which they leave in the narrative." That the Britons were so weak and pusillanimous as to be utterly crushed by a few hordes of Saxons, Mr. Pike shows to be unlikely, the testimony of several Roman authors being to the effect that they were extremely courageous, and very resolute in resisting tyranny. It is evident also that the number of the Saxons who invaded this island could not have been large. Gildas speaks of three "keels," or ships; and, although there were subsequent irruptions, it appears extremely improbable that so small a country as that from which the Saxons and their fellow-tribes issued could have furnished a sufficient body of invaders to annihilate or drive out the whole population of what we now call England, which was rather densely peopled at the time when the Romans withdrew. It is remarkable, too, that Gildas himself says that, in his time, very shortly after the Saxon conquest, the British cities were desolate and in ruins, "for, though there are no longer any wars with foreigners, civil wars still continue:" a sentence which, as Mr. Pike remarks, would leave us in doubt, if we had no other evidence on the subject, "whether the Saxons finally conquered the Britons, or the Britons the Saxons." Again, it is pretty certain that, with the exception of a few of the chieftains, the Saxons brought over no women with them; so that, even admitting that they got rid of all the male Britons, they must have intermarried with the native females, and their offspring would thus have been at any rate as much Celts as Teutons. Mr. Pike is of opinion that this island was originally peopled by various branches of the Celtic race, having certain general and certain distinct characteristics; that even the Belge, mentioned by Caesar as a German race occupying the central-southern coast of Britain, were really Celts (he does not state the grounds of this opinion, but refers to the writings of Dr. Prichard, Dr. Latham, and M. Thierry); that a slight admixture of northern blood was, however, introduced into the

* The English and their Origin. A Prologue to Authentic English History. By Luke Owen Pike, M.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Longmans & Co.

country before the Romans abandoned it; that this was increased by the Saxon conquest, and again by the Danish inroads; but that, nevertheless, the bulk of the population is British to this day. He admits that in certain parts of England—as in the northern and eastern counties—the proportion of Scandinavian blood is greater than elsewhere, and that this is visible in the features and complexion of the people; he thinks also that the agricultural population may be mainly Saxon; but he strongly asserts a preponderating British element in the towns, especially those of the southern, western, and central parts. He quotes the laws of Ina, who lived in the seventh and eighth centuries, to show that there was at that time “a British population dwelling among the Saxons, and that its position was not very inferior to the position of the Saxons themselves;” and he refers to the well-known fact that the Britons of the west, north-west, and south-west, maintained for centuries a species of independence, and constantly made raids upon their more Teutonic neighbours. All this is indisputable, and we quite agree that the Anglo-Saxon theory of our origin has been exaggerated, and that no sufficient allowance has been made for the broad basis yet remaining of the old British stock. Yet, even on his own showing, it seems to us that Mr. Pike, in his turn, has underrated the amount of Teutonic blood in our composition. We have to take into the calculation the early German tribes who settled peaceably among the Britons; the Saxons, Angles, Jutes, and Frisians, who invaded the country after the departure of the Romans; the subsequent incursions of the Danes, who are known to have come in great numbers; and, finally, the conquest of England by the Normans, who were certainly in part, though not entirely, of Teutonic origin. These must have infused a very considerable non-Celtic element into the English race, though doubtless they were far from obliterating the original stock. It should be recollected that Saxons, Angles, Jutes, Frisians, and Danes, were all members of one family—the great Scandinavian race; and that, though allied to the Germans, they differed considerably from the latter, as they do to this day—which, even without reference to our British blood, might account for the great and undeniable dissimilarity between the Germans and the English. We do not think, either, that Mr. Pike is very successful in showing that, even granting the English language to be mainly Anglo-Saxon, the fact does not indicate any considerable presence of Anglo-Saxon blood in the English nation. The circumstance of the languages of France and Spain being mainly Latin, though the respective peoples (by the leave of Louis Napoleon be it said) are not Latin, is an argument very little to the purpose. The Romans planted their language among the Gallic and Iberian races, because they (the Romans) were a highly civilized people placed among barbarians. But Mr. Pike would have us believe that the Saxons were far fewer in numbers than the Britons—that they were greatly inferior in cultivation, and at least not superior in courage—and yet that they modified in an important degree the language of the race which over-topped and finally absorbed them. We know that this was not the case in the corresponding epoch of French history. The Franks were admittedly a mere handful compared with the Gauls whom they subjugated; they were doubtless much inferior in civilisation to the conquered race, which had inherited the wealth of Roman arts and literature; and accordingly we find them very speedily assimilated by the higher life which for a time they vanquished by virtue of superior prowess, but which soon imposed on them its language and its national character. But Mr. Pike asserts the general inferiority of the Saxons to the Britons, and yet is constrained to admit that the former conquered the latter, and that they have left deep and lasting traces in the speech of the present day; for we do not understand him to deny that there are such traces, though he thinks that modern English is less Saxon than is generally supposed. This is a paradox which he has not sufficiently accounted for.

Mr. Pike, however, has other arguments besides the historical and philological. From the general colour of English hair, the general shape of English skulls, and the most prominent characteristics of the English race, he infers a close relationship between the modern Englishman and the ancient Briton; nay, more—between both and the classical Greeks. He says it is a common error to speak of light hair and blue eyes as the prevalent characteristics of English people. They may be the characteristics of the rustic populations, in whom the Saxon element is strong; but in the towns, where the British race concentrated after the arrival of the Northmen, dark hair and eyes are the rule. We believe this is so; but possibly it is owing to other causes. Town life itself may have an influence, though Mr. Pike is very intolerant of such an idea; and it should be remembered that it is in the towns, and not in the country, that the foreign contributions continually being made to our population are, so to speak, stored up. It has been supposed that the hair of English people darkens with every successive generation; so that some centuries ago we may have been a fairer race than we are now. As for the shape of our skulls—if we are mainly Britons, and the Britons were Gauls, as is generally supposed, it is not easy to explain the great difference between the English face and head and the French. But Mr. Pike, we see, argues that there were many distinct species of the genus Celt, and asserts a considerable difference between even Englishmen and Welshmen. He is evidently, however, a Celt-worshipper, and traces all our best qualities to the primeval race. We think he overdoes this, for in such a case how shall we account for the subjection of the Britons by the Saxons, and for the fact, admitted by Mr. Pike himself, that all over Europe the Celt has had to succumb to the Teuton? We cannot, therefore, entirely agree with his arguments, but we

do not doubt that there is a great deal of truth in them. Hitherto, the influence of the Saxon in England has been over-rated, and that of the Briton under-rated; and if, even at the price of a little exaggeration the other way, Mr. Pike should help to redress the balance, he will have performed a service to English history for which all Englishmen should be grateful.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.*

THE first edition of Mr. Manley Hopkins's interesting work on the Sandwich Islands was reviewed at some length in the columns of this Journal, under date January 3, 1863. The reprint before us contains, besides other additional matter, five new chapters, which bring the history of Hawaii down to the most recent period, and include accounts of the death of the young Prince Royal in 1862, and of King Kamehameha IV. in 1863, the visit of Queen Emma to this country last year, and the new constitution introduced in Hawaii by the reigning monarch, Kamehameha V., by what has been called a *coup d'état*. The interest taken by our Queen in the progress of the Hawaiians, and the really curious nature of the experiment which is being made as to how far a savage race can be civilized, induce us to devote a portion of our space to the supplementary information now put forth by Mr. Hopkins.

It seems that the natives of Hawaii formerly had a custom similar to one practised by the Jews, of giving people new names commemorative of some extraordinary circumstance in which they had been concerned. Thus, immediately after the death of the young Prince Royal, the King, his father, surnamed the Queen Kaleloka-lani, by which appellation she frequently signs herself, and is now commonly known among her people. The names of the superior chiefs of these islands mostly ended in “lani,” which signifies “a chief,” and “the heaven,” “its radical notion being that of height, or elevation.” The above name “may consequently be rendered,” says Mr. Hopkins, “either the ‘flight or evanishment of the chief,’ or the ‘removal or disappearance of the heaven,’” in allusion to the loss sustained by the King and Queen of Hawaii in the death of their first-born and only child—the heir apparent to the throne. The prince, who died at an early age on the 27th of August, 1862, was buried on the 7th of September, service-guns being fired at intervals of five minutes, from sunrise almost till noon, and immediately after the funeral ceremonies commenced, the batteries on shore joined, which were answered by the guns of Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Terzagant*.

It is gratifying to find that the Christian religion has already made rapid advances in these islands, especially that of Hawaii. The late Hawaiian King, Kamehameha IV., was a man of very refined feelings, was gifted with considerable personal endowments, and possessed a mind of intellectual culture. He was a good linguist, could both read and speak the English language fluently, was very conversant, not only with the writings of the English divines, but with those of our poets and prose authors, and was constantly quoting Shakespeare. Anxious for the propagation of Christian doctrines among his subjects, he translated the English Book of Common Prayer into the Hawaiian language, in doing which he exercised his own discretion in the arrangement of the contents of the volume, by classifying the services in the order he conceived consistent with their use and importance. This work has been pronounced by competent judges to be an excellent translation, and King Kamehameha is stated, on the best authority, to have accomplished his task entirely without assistance, which is the more remarkable considering the no small difficulties he had to contend with in rendering the book into a language deficient both in words and abstract ideas, especially the latter. Nevertheless, the Hawaiian monarch is said to have succeeded in making a very faithful translation of our Common Prayer Book, employing no foreign words, with the exception of a few Latin titles to the Psalms. Much of the original, however, is omitted in Kamehameha's translation, the monarch taking care to put forth only what was likely to be understood or tolerated by his subjects, and castigating whatever had a chance of being either misunderstood or wilfully perverted by the people. “It is connected,” says Mr. Hopkins, “simple in style, earnest in spirit, and of such a length as to command attention without fatiguing it.” This able and enlightened monarch appears to have been no less skilled in various bodily accomplishments than in mental acquirements, and possessed great taste in the constructive and decorative arts, his last work of the kind being a work-table for our Queen, which is made of the native woods of Hawaii, and is now in Windsor Castle. During the autumn of 1863, King Kamehameha and his Queen met with an accident while out driving, the horses having taken fright and run away, which caused the carriage to upset when near a precipice. Both its occupants were thrown out, and were considerably shaken and bruised; indeed, though not killed on the spot, the King received such serious internal injuries that they were probably the ultimate cause of his death, which happened only a short time after the accident. He retired as much as possible from public life; but on the evening of the 28th of November (the twentieth anniversary of the recognition of Hawaiian independence by England and France) it was thought advisable to hold a public reception, and a grand assembly of all the Ministers,

* Hawaii: the Past, Present, and Future of its Island-Kingdom. An Historical Account of the Sandwich Islands (Polynesia). By Manley Hopkins, Hawaiian Consul-General, &c. With a Preface by the Bishop of Oxford. Second Edition, Revised and Continued. London: Longmans & Co.

municipal functionaries, foreign ambassadors, and diplomatists, &c., with military bands, took place at the royal palace. The King, however, was too ill to be present, and the Queen did not remain in the reception-chamber above an hour, after which she withdrew to watch by the bedside of her dying husband. Two days later, King Kaméhaméha suddenly expired, at the early age of thirty.

The English missionaries who have endeavoured to establish the Protestant faith in the Hawaiian islands, have had rather a hard struggle, having in many places encountered very vehement opposition from the American and Roman Catholic missions that have at different times visited these remote regions. However, their endeavours have, on the whole, been successful, as the doctrines of the Christian religion, according to the English form of Protestantism, are now acknowledged and practised throughout a considerable part of the island of Hawaii, and the old heathenish worship is rapidly disappearing. The author of the volume under notice seems sanguine as to the future spread of the Gospel among the Hawaiian people.

The present form of government of Hawaii is that of a constitutional monarchy, introduced by the reigning King, assisted by native chiefs, several Englishmen and Americans, and a few Frenchmen, and consists of a King, a Cabinet Ministry, and two houses of assembly—viz., an Upper House and a Chamber of Representatives. It will thus be seen that the general and fundamental principles of this new form of Hawaiian government are closely modelled upon those of the government of this country. Every endeavour is being made by the present enlightened rulers of Hawaii for the physical comfort and welfare of the inhabitants, and affairs are altogether working very well under the new constitution. The public revenue is derived chiefly from the duties on imports and a few internal sources. The commercial statistics for 1865 show a considerable advance in the general prosperity of the island. The total exports for that year exceeded those of 1864 by nearly 30 per cent., sugar and coffee in particular having been in great demand; while the Custom-house receipts for 1865 were more than three thousand dollars larger than those of the previous year.

Mr. Hopkins concludes his book with a brief but interesting memoir of Robert Crichton Wyllie, the celebrated travelling agriculturist and distinguished South American diplomatist, who, though a Scotchman, adopted Hawaii as his native country, and did a great deal towards elevating the character of the people, and advancing the prosperity of the island. The present work, besides containing several excellent engravings illustrative of certain localities in the island, is adorned with a portrait of the late King, Kaméhaméha IV., and one of Emma, the present Queen of Hawaii. The former is represented in a European military habit, and the latter, whose dress and cast of features are thoroughly European, has an amiable and highly intellectual expression of countenance, and her whole appearance is extremely prepossessing.

SHORT NOTICES.

The North British Review. No. LXXXVIII. June, 1866. (Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.)—A very good study of Roman history is contained in the opening paper of this Review, bearing the title "The Roman Element in Civilization." The writer takes a more favourable view of the Empire than is generally admitted in England. He looks upon it as a necessary development of Roman ideas of government, as a means of curbing the selfishness and despotism of the aristocracy, and as representing a spirit of much greater fairness to the provinces than the Republic had ever shown. The following article, on "The Sea-Fisheries Commission," is little more than a summary of the Reports issued by the Government. "Venetian Relations" gives some account of the experiences of Venetian Ambassadors at various Courts in bygone times, based on official documents recently published. This is succeeded by a review of Professor Rawlinson's "Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World," which presents an interesting view of the chief facts connected with the history, architecture, social and moral systems, and antiquities, of Chaldaea, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, and Persia. Mr. Baker's "Albert Nyanza" is next subjected to examination. "Colonial Policy in the Government of Coloured Races" points out the melancholy fact that all the attempts hitherto made by European Governments to protect and advance the interests of the native races of the world, have been failures. The essay on "Edmond About" sketches in brief the main works of that writer, who is highly praised; and the final paper, on "Disinfection," is a piece of scientific writing appropriate to the present time, when we are, or ought to be, setting our houses in order against cholera.

The Common Nature of Epidemics, and their Relation to Climate and Civilization. Also, Remarks on Contagion and Quarantine. From Writings and Official Reports by Southwood Smith, M.D., &c. Edited by T. Baker, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. (Trübner & Co.)—Of all those labourers in the field of sanitary science who, during the last thirty or forty years, have done so much towards purifying our towns and lowering the death-rate among our populations, few have equalled in ability, knowledge, and self-devotion the admirable physician who is now no longer among us to instruct by his wisdom and guide by his experience, but whose medical writings remain as a precious legacy for ourselves and our descendants. Dr. Southwood Smith did more than almost any man to make known the operation of those laws by which, when wisely obeyed, we live, and, when defied, we die. He popularized the science of health, and helped, in a most important degree, to draw attention to the foul places in our great towns which are the abiding

homes of typhus and other forms of fever, which are always ready to receive and nourish the first germs of cholera, and which are unquestionably a standing danger to the health even of the cleaner and purer neighbourhoods by which they are surrounded. At the present time, when we are threatened with a return of the epidemic of 1832, 1849, and 1854, the counsels of Dr. Southwood Smith are especially valuable, and we are obliged to Mr. Baker for collecting his scattered observations on the nature of epidemics. As a lawyer, Mr. Baker has studied recent enactments bearing on the public health, interment, &c., with respect to which he has published some works; and he is therefore well qualified to deal with the writings of the distinguished physician upon whose experiences he has drawn.

The Principal Baths of France, considered with Reference to their Remedial Efficacy in Chronic Disease. By Edwin Lee, M.D. Fourth Edition, re-written, with Additions. (Churchill & Sons.)—Dr. Lee says that his present volume forms the completion of the work on the baths of Germany, France, and Switzerland, which in the preceding editions were comprised in one book. He has been enabled, by subsequent visits to several of the places described, to take note of many alterations and improvements effected of late years, and to give additional information touching the properties and application of the waters. The work as now presented is very handy and compact, and contains a great deal of useful information on those French baths which are likely to be most suited to English invalids.

Repetition and Reading Books for Pupil Teachers and the Upper Classes of Schools. By Charles Bilton, B.A. With Preface by the Rev. W. Campbell, one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. (Longmans & Co.)—The objects of this volume are stated to be threefold: viz., to serve as a selection of extracts in prose and verse, adapted for repetition by pupil teachers, according to the requirements of the Revised Code; as a text-book to furnish passages for teaching parsing and grammatical analysis; and as a reading-book for the upper classes of schools. The passages selected are chiefly from modern authors, and are very well chosen and judiciously varied.

A Night in a Haunted House in Ireland. My Guitar: whose it was, and how I got it. A Ghost Story written for Charitable Purposes. By Edward Tracy Turnerelli. Second Edition. (Bosworth.)—Mr. Turnerelli says that the first edition of this little story was published with a view to relieving the wants of the poor, and that he has done some very fine things with it. He prints, with many fulsome flourishes and much egotism, references to the Queen, the Princess of Wales, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other great personages, and chatters about his own goodness in the style of a penny showman. Charity, we know, covers a multitude of sins—perhaps even the sin of vain and foolish writing; but it is greatly to be wished that Mr. Turnerelli could be charitable without so much clap-trap and self-complacency.

Nature and Art. No. I. (Day & Son.)—This is the first number of a new periodical, devoted mainly to subjects of natural history and art manufacture. The literary contents are varied and amusing; the illustrations consist of photo-lithographs, chromo-lithographs, and woodcuts, and the general effect of the Magazine, with its pictures and its elegant printing, is very pretty. We would suggest, however, that the coloured plate called "A Web of Summer Gossamer" is too like a milliner's print of the fashions, and is a mere piece of vulgarity.

We have also received a cheap edition of Washington Irving's *Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Christopher Columbus* (Tegg);—a new edition of the *Works of Burns*, edited by the Rev. Robert Aris Wilmot (Routledge & Sons);—*A Treasury of Thought from Shakespeare*, consisting of the choice sayings of his principal characters analytically and alphabetically arranged (Griffin & Co.);—a second edition, enlarged, of *Voices of Sacred Song for Quiet Hours*, from One Hundred Authors, edited by W. Frampton Cusell (Longmans & Co.);—*How to Cook and Dress Potatoes in One Hundred Different Ways*, by Georgiana Hill (Routledge & Sons);—*Aunt Mary's Illustrated Primer* (Same Publishers);—Part I. of a new edition of *Hood's Poems* (Moxon & Co.);—No. I. of the *Will o' the Wisp*, a Magazine of General Literature (F. Pitman);—and No. XXX., New Series, of the *Social Science Review*.

TWO TRANSLATIONS FROM THE HUNGARIAN POET, PETÖFI.

TE IFIÚSÁG, TE FORGÓSZÉL.

O YOUTH! thou art a whirlwind! Thou
In thy swift circling dance
Dropest a flowery garland on our brow,
Which shines in the sun's glance;
And suddenly there comes another gust,
Which, with unfriendly breath,
Carries away the wreath,
And leaves no trace upon the forehead-bust:
We feel that forehead cold and blank and bare,
Inquiring: "Was the garland ever there?"

AZ ÁLOUR.

A dream
Is Nature's kindest gift; it opens wide
Those fairy palaces where glance and gleam
Sweet fancies, never seen at waking tide.
In his blest dreams the boor
Drives cold and thirst and hunger from his door,
Wears purple garments, dwells amidst perfumes,
Spreads softest carpets on his gilded rooms,
And laughs at tyrant kings, and walks erect
In the proud liberty of self-respect.
In dreams the youth whom the coy maid has chased,
Sleeps with his loving arms around her waist;
And I, poor dreamer! in my vision see,
That my weak breath has made my country free!

JOHN BOWRING.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE French dramatic authors have recently started a publishing house of their own. The office in Paris is on the Boulevard. Any author who may desire to have his play published, can select the paper, type, size, and binding he thinks proper, and have five months to pay the printer's and stationer's bill in. An additional charge of ten per cent. upon the net cost is to be paid as a fee to the agency, to cover their office expenses and clerks' salaries. The reason of this new movement on the part of the Paris dramatic authors is said to be the low prices paid by the great publishers there, notwithstanding the enormous sales of most works of the kind. Messrs. Levy Frères have been especially complained of. To M. Bouchardy it is said they gave £20 for the copyright of "Lazare le Patre," the sale of which extended to 120,000 copies. Other instances were adduced by the members of the new publishing association, and their first meeting was enlivened by this anecdote:—The late Henri Murger—who, it appears, was a wretched manager of his own affairs, blaming everybody but himself for the difficulties into which he was often plunged—sold most of his compositions to this firm. "If one thing more than another troubles me in my dying hour," said the author when on his death-bed, "it is that I go out of the world conscious that I have been the ruin of MM. Levy Frères." Many such co-operative ventures as the Paris Dramatic Authors' Society have been started on former occasions; but the strange thing is that almost all these amateur combinations have failed, notwithstanding the clear way in which it was shown on paper that enormous profits could be made, and no end of tradesmen's villanies put a stop to.

The Rev. William Harness has just issued, for private circulation, a most interesting volume under the title of "Memorials of Miss Catherine Maria Fanshawe." This lady was the friend of Lord Byron, and wrote that remarkable charade—or "riddle," as she herself styles it—upon the letter "H," which is usually thought to have been the production of his lordship. Besides some pieces of poetry from the pen of Miss Fanshawe, the volume contains photographs of etchings and water-colour drawings by this lady. The editor introduces the volume by saying:—"I have never turned to the little treasure which I possess in the etchings and manuscripts of Miss Fanshawe, without an earnest wish that they should, in a collected form, be rescued from the oblivion that threatens them. No more than a few copies, for private circulation, are printed. To this I do not think my late and most affectionately-remembered friend, notwithstanding her shrinking dread of all publicity, would have objected; and this I feel myself compelled to do, that some enduring memorial may exist of one who, in her varied accomplishments, her acute perception of the beautiful, her playful fancy, her charming conversation, her gentle and retiring manners, her lively sympathy with the sorrows and joys of others, and, above all, her simple piety, was so cherished a member of society, not very extended, but intimately united by a common love of literature, and art, and science, which existed in London at the close of the last and the opening of the present century, and which, perhaps, 'taken for all in all,' has never been surpassed."

The novelty of a theatre and music-hall in one—or at least an arrangement by which the spectators can move in and out, change their positions, and partake of refreshment during the performance—a plan which, it is said, Mr. Boucicault thinks might be introduced here with benefit to all concerned—is now being advocated in the Paris papers by M. Alexandre Dumas. The veteran author writes:—"I communicated (Sunday) to the Literary Men's Society a scheme of a theatre, which was received with unanimous applause. All present not only promised to give it their assistance, but promised to subscribe to it. This is my scheme:—I want £100,000 to build an edifice, half theatre and half circus, capable of containing 3,000 persons, and of taking in 7,000*l.* receipts. The first seat would be at 5*l.*, the last at 50 centimes. In subscribing for a seat, the subscriber would receive two seats, namely, 10*l.* for 5*l.*, 1*l.* for 50 centimes. I double the capital and pay in pleasure. Eight hundred subscribers would enter every night; in four years the debt would be paid; in six years the theatre would belong in fee-simple to the Societies of Dramatic Authors, Literary Men, and Dramatic Artists. I would retain for myself, during my life, the right to bring out a new and an old piece there annually. The subscriptions will soon be opened. Then I shall appeal, through the public prints, to everybody's sympathy. Each subscriber may subscribe for what sum he pleases." Some of our readers may remember that a similar scheme was advocated by M. Dumas in one of his lectures delivered last year.

A short time since, we spoke of a large package of valuable papers, once the property of Joseph, King of Naples, and subsequently of Spain, which had been forwarded from Rome to the Emperor at Paris on the death of Prince Musignano. We are now told that, besides the King's papers, the box contained several manuscripts in the handwriting of the first Emperor's uncle, Cardinal Fesch, which proves his Eminence to have possessed no slight literary ability and taste. The "Recueil de Poesies et Lois Indoues contre l'Usage de l'Opium," as well as the "Histoire des Beaux Arts," are reported as worthy of attention. That the Buonapartes from a very early period have been a literary family is a fact well known. As far back as 1664 an Italian chronicler wrote:—"In fact there have always been in this family (the Buonapartes) illustrious men of letters, and even distinguished *literati*." The material recently forwarded to Paris will form part of the work on the Buonaparte family which the Emperor has long been preparing.

In Transatlantic literary circles it is said that, notwithstanding the American Rebellion seemed to our veteran author, Thomas Carlyle, "as only a smoky chimney burning itself out," he was yet "wiser in his day than many other of our countrymen," and bought largely in the funds there when they were low, and, notwithstanding urgent recommendations to sell out, refused to do so, preferring to add to them the interest which came to him from those he already possessed.

The trumpet of war, which calls the soldiers of the sword together, disperses with equal effect the soldiers of the pen. Already the *Times*, it is said, has despatched its Xenophon to Prussia, in the person of Dr. Russell, while the Austrian army is to be attended to by Mr. Sutherland Edwards. The *Daily Telegraph*, equally as enterprising, has despatched Dr. G. L. M. Strauss (whose legal fracas with a literary contemporary will be remembered by our readers) as its war-correspondent for the Prussian army, and Mr. Edward Dicey for the Austrian. The struggle in Venetia is to be attended to, and reported for the same journal, by Mr. George Augustus Sala.

On the 21st inst., another portion of the collection of drawings by the late John Leech will be sold by Messrs. Christie & Manson. The sketches now about to be brought to the hammer are those which were exhibited at the residence of the Misses Leech in Gloucestersquare, a short time since. In the gathering are the originals of some of the more celebrated political cartoons, as well as of Mr. Briggs, *Punch's Almanack* and *Pocket-Book* series, *Children of the Nobility* (one of Leech's earliest works), the *Rising Generation*, *Handley Cross*, *Brook Green Volunteer*, &c. There will also be albums and sketches in colour, but it is thought that the prices which the various drawings, &c., may realize, will scarcely be equal to what were obtained at the first sale.

The ridiculous proceedings of the Fenians, with their "circles" and "centres," have just been described by Artemus Ward in a very droll "report" of one of their meetings at which he is supposed to have presided. The little volume, under the title of "Artemus Ward among the Fenians," will appear at once. The author is expected to arrive at Liverpool by the *City of Boston* this week.

We believe it has been finally determined that the new Magazine to be edited by Miss Braddon will commence in November. It is to be called *The Belgravia*, to be published at a shilling, and to be illustrated in the best style of art. Miss Braddon will write exclusively for its pages, and she will be assisted by authors of ability and experience.

The annual dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund took place last Saturday, at Willis's Rooms. Lord Granville occupied the chair, and subscriptions were announced amounting to between £800 and £900.

"The Crown Peerage" is the title given by Mr. Hardwicke to a new and enlarged edition of his "Shilling Peerage," "Baronetage," and "Knighthood," compiled by Mr. Edward Walford.

One of the editors of our latest edition of Bacon's works, Mr. James Spedding, has very recently been in pleasant correspondence with the publishers of the American reprint of his edition. As an extract from Mr. Spedding's letter has joyously gone the round of the American literary press—the conductors of which are delighted at this interchange of courtesies—there can be no great harm in our mention of the matter. Mr. Spedding writes to Messrs. Hurd & Houghton:—"In acknowledging the receipt of your remittance of five per cent. upon the retail price of all the volumes of Bacon's works sold since they became your property, and though you express regret at the smallness of the amount, I am bound to confess that it is more than I ever received here. Indeed, I may say that it is the first personal experience I have had from which I could infer that this book, or any other, can be made to yield any profit at all to the author; though I am, of course, aware that authors do in many cases make their works profitable." The comment of the *Round Table* upon this is thus expressed:—"That the English edition of so celebrated a writer as Bacon should pay its last and best editor nothing, is one of the 'curiosities of literature.'"

A posthumous novel by Paul de Kock has recently been published in Paris. Its title is "La Baronne Blaquiskof."

Mr. Thorpe, the well-known Anglo-Saxon scholar, is at present engaged upon a descriptive list of all the known Topographical Charters of England, dating from Ethelbert's reign, A.D. 604, to the Norman Conquest. The documents are to be classed into counties, beginning with Kent, thus forming an appropriate companion to the Domesday survey of that county, edited by the Rev. Lambert Larking. As in the "Diplomatarium Anglicum" (of which this is a continuation), the charters in Anglo-Saxon, with the law boundaries, will be accompanied by translations.

Messrs. BLACKWOOD & SONS have in the press Count de Montalembert's "Monks of the West," authorized translation; "Piccadilly, an Episode of Contemporaneous Biography," by Lord F. . . . V. . . ., illustrated by Richard Doyle; "Sporting Recollections," by John Colquhoun, Author of "The Moor and the Loch;" Professor Ferrier's "Lectures on the Greek Philosophy and other Remains," edited by Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., LL.D., and E. L. Lushington, M.A.; and Sir William Hamilton's "Discussions on Philosophy and Literature, Education and University Reform," a new edition.

Messrs. HAMILTON, ADAMS, & Co. will publish immediately, "Sermons for the Sick and Afflicted," by the late Rev. Hugh Stowell, M.A., with preface, introduction, &c., with the sanction, and under the supervision, of his family.

Messrs. HURST & BLACKETT announce the following works for publication this month:—The second and concluding volume of Miss Meteyard's "Life of Wedgwood," with 200 illustrations; "The Sportsman and Naturalist in Canada," by Major W. Ross King, 1 vol., with numerous illustrations; "The Beautiful in Nature and Art," by Mrs. Ellis, author of the "Women of England," 1 vol.; "Kings Baynard," a novel, by the Hon. Mrs. George Gifford, 3 vols.; and "Felicia's Dowry," by Mrs. Fitzwarine Okeden, 3 vols.

Mr. Tege has now in the press, and will shortly publish, a complete and carefully collated edition of the "Sermons of Henry Smith, the Puritan Divine, with a Life by Dr. Thomas Fuller."

Mr. NEWBY announces for publication in June and July—"Trodden Down," a novel, by the Author of "Common Sense," &c.; "Our Blue Jackets Afloat and Ashore," by Captain Armstrong, Author of "The Two Midshipmen," &c.; "The Story of Nelly Dillon," by the Author of "Myself and my Relatives," &c.; "Thrown on the World," a novel; and "The Spas of Germany, France, Italy, &c.," by Thomas More Madden, M.D., Author of "Change of Climate."

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR
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 Biggs (Col.), Architecture at Ahmedabad photographed. 4to., £5 5s.
 Bilton (C.), Repetition and Reading book for Pupil Teachers. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Bosanquet (J. W.), Messiah the Prince. 8vo., 10s.
 Boy's Own Volume (The), Midsummer, 1866. 8vo., 5s.
 Brabant (C.) and Rivers (T.), Modern Peach Pruner. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 British Controversialist (The). Vol. I., 1866. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Buzacott (Rev. A.), Mission Life in the Islands of the Pacific. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Cassell's French and English Dictionary. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Chambers (W.), Sketches: Light and Descriptive. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Churchman's Family Magazine. Vol. VII. 8vo., 9s.
 Christophers (Rev. S. O.), Hymn Writers and their Hymns. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Collins (C. A.), At the Bar. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.
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 Currie (J.), Spelling Book. 12mo., 1s.
 Davies (Rev. J. L.), Epistles to the Ephesians, Colossians, &c. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 — (Emily), The Higher Education of Women. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Disraeli (L.), Curiosities of Literature. New edit. Vol. I. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
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 Fayrer (Dr. J.), Clinical Surgery in India. 8vo. 16s.
 Felix Holt the Radical, by George Eliot. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1 11s. 6d.
 Gaze (H.), How to see Paris. New edit. 12mo., 1s.
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 Greenwood (Col.), Rain and Rivers. 2nd edit. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Hamerton (P. G.), Painter's Camp in the Highlands. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Houghton (Rev. S.), Manual of Geology. New edit. Fcap., 7s. 6d.
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 Household Amusements and Enjoyments. Imperial 16mo., 3s. 6d.
 Johnson (J.), Patentee's Manual. 3rd edit. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
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 King's Baynard, by Hon. Mrs. Gifford. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1 11s. 6d.
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